TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. XLVIII. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1880. NO. 30

Poetry.

ROBERT BURNS.

I see amid the fields of Ayr
A plow man, who in foul or fair,
Sings at his task
So clear we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploving of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain:
Songs flush with purple clom the rye;
The plower's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his train.

Touched by his hand the wayside wile
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty, gorse and grass
And heather, where his feet eys pass,
The brighter seem.

He sings of love while flame illumes
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,
The treacherous undercow and stress,
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;
The brush wood being
Above the tavern door lets fall
Its ivy leaf, its drop of gall,
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;
Its master chords
Are manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood;
Its discords but an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young, and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
In this than wandering up and down
An old man, in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth: his hand
Guides every plow;
He sits beside each ingle nook;
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light,
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!

—*Longfellow in Harper for August.*

Our Story Teller.

Written for the Toledo BLADE.

A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN.

"For Three Years, or During the War."

At Home in a Shelter Tent, and Abroad with "Three Days' Rations and Forty Rounds of Ammunition."

BY JOHN McELROY,
Author of "Andersonville: A Story of Southern Prisons."

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CHAPTER XL.

DICK MORGAN STILL DEFIANT—THE SIEGE OF CORINTH—SIX WEEKS OF SKIRMISHING AND DIGGING—A BAD PLACE FOR A CAMP—A CONTUMACIOUS REBEL AND HOW HE STOOD SHARP SHOOTING—THE REBELS EVACUATE CORINTH.

They brot Morgan back as carefully as possible to the place where the reserve of the picket line was stationed, and made a rude tho comfortable bed for him, out of blankets and leaves, by the side of a camp fire that burned with ruddy cheer in the evening's damps.

So wretched were the roads that no ambulance could come anywhere near the reserve post, so that he must be there until one of the mules rigged up to carry the sick and wounded from similar inaccessible places could be sent out for him in the morning.

Everything was done to make him as comfortable as a man could be with such a wound. A cup of coffee, made with all the skill of a veteran campaigner, was given him, and he drank it greedily, saying, as he drained the last drop of the pint:

"That is splendid; it's the first that I've tasted for six months."

"Shan't I make you another cup?" said Walter.

Morgan started at the sound of the voice, and turned his eyes eagerly in the direction of the speaker, whom he seemed to recognize for the first time, and his face blackened with a scowl.

"No, I don't want any favors from you, or such as you, Walt Armitage. My d——d ill luck has given you enuf to boast over; you shan't have an opportunity to get off any cant about returning good for evil. I hate you and Bronson and all your sniveling crowd."

"Heavens! I don't want to boast over you. It's not my style to crow over wounded prisoners," returned Walter with some asperity.

"That's more of your infernal cant," sneered Morgan. "It's the mummery that Bronson has taught you, and which you don't believe because your thimbleful of soul can't comprehend it. If it hadn't been for those two unlucky shots that brot me and Ben Churchill down, I'd had you and Bronson—I suppose he's with you—where I could have taught you something that you'd remember to your dying day."

"Purty sassy talk, that, for a prisoner," said Stock. "We seem to 've killed the wrong one."

"O, let him talk," said O'Neil, with good humored contempt, "he can't jiggle his little bell any longer. Let him rattle his tongue if he wants to. It eases his mind an' lets off a good deal of stuff that might increase the inflammation of his wound if he kept it in his system."

Walter felt ashamed of himself for entering into a controversy with a man in Morgan's condition, and would have withdrawn from it, but Morgan continued the wrangle and called out to him:

"You see the Southerners will fight, don't you? You can't run over them by mere numbers, as you thot you could. They're ready to die to the last man, before permitting you to desecrate their homes and soil."

"Yes, I saw 15,000 at Fort Donelson, and I must say I never saw men more thoroly willing to live than they were."

"I thot that the way a comparatively handful of us whipt you at Shiloh the other day had taken all that bluster out of you," said Morgan, "but you seem to need another lesson, and you'll get it mighty soon. It's fixing for you, and before many days Beauregard'll have the most of this scum in their graves, or where Prentiss is. We've got 50,000 more just as good men as those that lickt you at Shiloh. Price and Van Dorn have come up from Arkansas, with their Army which whipt Sigel and his Dutch Yankees at Elkhorn."

Walter merely said:

"I've heard you predict before, Morgan."

At which the Rebel's face turned pale with anger; he shut his lips tightly and the discussion closed.

"The Rebels must be pretty strong over there," said Walter to O'Neil, when they were alone again," or else our folks wouldn't be so awful cautious. Just see how we've been going ahead since we began this so-called advance; go forward a few hundred yards, and then stop and dig breast works. It don't look much like the way that we buckt up against Donelson, does it?"

"Faith, it don't," said O'Neil. "Nor in fact, the way they cum out uv their works the uther Sunday mornin' and warmed us up for the Auld One's sake, don't bear any resimblance to the meek way that they took our bullyragging at Columbus. You remimber how last Winter we used to go up nearly ivery wake in sought of them skulkin' in their trenches, and shake our fists at them and dare them to come outside and fought it out in the open field, an' divil a step did they cum at all."

"O, yes I remember it all quite well," returned Walter, "and there's no doubt that the way they hugged their trenches when we went down to Columbus, and when we cross over to Donelson, made old Grant believe that they'd always do it, and wait for *him* to attack *them*, and that's how he got so terribly fooled. That's the reason they got the bulge on us the first day at Shiloh, and came mighty near getting clear away with us."

"Well, old Halleck doesn't seem of the kind that takes such risks," said O'Neil. Since he's bin in command we've moved like snails, or moles, rather, not going a step without burrowing into the ground like woodchucks. Niver since Oi left the Auld Dart hev Oi sane so much work wid de spade. Oi belave the ould man thinks he's going to dig the Southern Confederacy up by the roots. For my part Oi'm heartily sick of it. Oi've bint me fingers around a gun barrel fur so many years that they don't fit anything else, and certainly not a spade handle, which raises blisters and corns on thim ivery toime Oi try to use it."

"Well, I'll admit for mayself," said Walter, "That whatever fondness I may have had for digging tools has been pretty thoroly satisfied by having helpt turn up the bigger part of the soil in North eastern Mississippi with them. After this my hankering for spades will be confined to that suit of cards when it's trump."

"Oi'm quite sure that Old prefer to take Corinth as we did Donelson."

"Yes, and I believe that we've got the force to do it, in spite of Dick Morgan's blowing. When I went up to headquarters this morning with the reports I had quite a little talk with the officers there. They said that those rough looking men with the tattered uniforms that we saw marching out to the left the other day, belonged to Pope's Army of the Mississippi, and they had just come up from doing a very good piece of work in capturing Island No 10 the day that we fought at Shiloh. Then Curtiss' army, which whipt the Rebels at Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, has come up, and we haven't, the officers think, less then 100,000 men in the line. Certainly, that's enuf to walk right over Beauregard and his crew, and I'd like to see it done, to pay them back for Shiloh."

But neither the unfavorable criticisms of Walter and O'Neil, or the still more sharply expres dissusfaction of the rank and file of the four large armies which had been concentrated together for the movement on Corinth, could change in the least the ultra cautious tactics of the wary Halleck, who had arrived on the field of Shiloh just at the time when its fearful slaughter and murderous fury presented the most impressive appearance. It was well calculated to make a commander cautious about precipitating another such storm of death and devastation, and so for six weeks the immense army crawled at the rate of a half mile a week toward the low hights around Corinth, and covered every step of the advance with works almost as formidable as those that the Rebels built to oppose them.

Halleck's command embraced the Army of the Ohio under Buell, the Army of the Tennessee, under Grant, the Army of the Mississippi, under Pope, and the Army of the Frontier, under Curtis—in all about 100,000 bayonets. Opposed to him was Beauregard's army, which, with its reinforcements under Price and Van Dorn, numbered about 70,000.

It was nearly the end of May. The weeks of skirmishing and ditch digging had at last brot the whole of the immense army in line of battle within a few hundred yards of the last line of entrenchments around Corinth. The crisis of the movement was at hand. The decisive moment could not be long postponed.

The First Regiment was in the center of the investing line—in the Grand Division commanded by Major General George H. Thomas. It had driven back the Rebel skirmishers from its front, and secured a bit of ground which some one suggested was admirably adapted for a camp. This suggestion seemed to find favor with the higher officers, for straightway an order was issued to bring the camp forward to this spot. In a few hours this was done. The ground was cleared off, streets laid out, and lined with snowy rows of A tents for the men, and the more pretentious wall tents for the officers. It was the Regiment's day off duty at the immediate front, and the time was spent in making the camp as comfortable as possible. Bowers of green branches were erected over the tents to protect them from the direct rays of the sun, which on a hot day, make those canvas houses as unendurable as an oven. The work was carried far into the night, and when the boys arose in the morning they surveyed the result with no little satisfaction.

"Looks as purty as the camp meetin' at Urbana that I once went to with pap," said Stock.

"It's certainly the most illegant camp Oi iver saw" sat O'Neil.

"O, lovely bower of innocence and ease,
Well contrived to comfort and to please,"

chimed in Walter.

"Took a darned sight more hard work than it needed to, with them infernally dull axes," said grumbling Sam Biffin. "It's strange that the Government can't furnish us anything that's half decent; not even an ax that's as sharp as a grubbin, hoe."

Sandy Brennan, Company A's fifer, expres his satisfaction as he usually did, by retiring to his tent, and pouring out his spirits in a flood of tunes upon his fife.

Suddenly a roar of field artillery and siege guns broke the silence of the sweet May morning. Shells and solid shot tore thru the camp, furrowing the ground with unseemly gashes, and scattering the bowers like a whirlwind. O'Neil and Walter saw one 32 pound shot ricochet along with deliberate laziness as if entirely conscious of the work it was intended to do, and certain of doing it, and therefore in no hurry about it. In its passage it pickt up a rail lying on the ground, and sent it whirling thru the row of tents in which their's was, demolishing them as utterly as a whirlwind passing thru a row of wheat shocks. A shell burst, and its fragments sang thru the poor little fifer's breast, stopping his melody in the midst of its joyous gush.

"Holy saints! what's let all that loose?" said O'Neil, as he regarded the iron storm with the calmness that he would view a Summer rain gust.

"It seems that nobody saw till those trees were cut away that we had put our camp in short range of that Rebel battery, there," said Walter, trying, with indifferent success, to imitate O'Neil's outward composure.

"H—l of a set of officers!" grumbled Sam Biffin, "not to know that they were putting us within a stone's throw of a battery of siege guns. Better get 'em some leather spectacles, so that they'll be likely to see something."

An aid galloped along with an order for everybody to take shovels and go to work raising the works in front, until they would protect the camp.

"Any body but a staff officer!" said Biffin, "would see that them Rebel cannon are so much higher than we are that we'll have to set the whole Towasnip up on edge before we can cover our tents from them. I suppose the next one that comes along will order us to turn the hill upside down, so that our side will be higher than their's."

"We should have had some heavy guns in position here to silence those fellows," said Walter.

"The next best thing will be for us to go out to the front and try a little sharp shootin' on thim," suggested O'Neil.

But they worked away industriously with their spades, and before noon had added nearly a yard to the hight of the embankment, but their camp was being raked as badly as ever. Then the officers acted on O'Neil's idea, and sent a heavy force of sharpshooters well to the front, who crept carefully along, taking advantage of the protection of logs and stumps, until they gained fair range of the guns and then opened a fusilade that had the effect of making the artillerymen feel the danger of exposing themselves in loading their pieces, and so rendered their fire so slow and ineffective as to soon afford pretty substantial relief to the bombarded camp.

Walter, O'Neil, Stock and Biffin had gone out together and then separated in the process of slipping up toward the Rebel line. They came together again, however, behind one big log, and devoted their attention to a 32 pounder that seemed to be doing the most havoc in the camp. Stock brot the man with the sponge staff down, but he had already rammed the gun and it was fired. As the smoke cleared away another rammer was seen at work, and was fired simultaneously by the other three. He fell, and there was a long pause of the gun, as if those about it were investigating the matter. Then it was run back from the embrasure to be reloaded, and the File had to content themselves with firing into the embrasure in the hopes of striking the cannoneers by random shots. After half an hour of this, they had the satisfaction of seeing the gun become permanently silent.

Late in the afternoon the fire ceased all along the line, and they were recalled inside the works.

When they came back they found the camp in a state of excitement over preparations for the grand assault which was to be made on the Rebel lines in the morning. There were the usual scenes of such occasions. Many were employing the last remnant of daylight in writing letters home, that were to be their last words to their beloved ones in case they fell, others were seated apart, reading over again old letters, and contemplating pictures that they had long carried in their blouse pockets, and still others were communing together as to what each should do for the other in case of misfortune.

Capt Moore, whose wounds received at Shiloh had healed sufficiently to admit of his return to duty was arranging his company for the assault, and in doing so appointed O'Neil as Acting Sergeant, with the assurance that his warrant would probably be restored to him after the engagement. Walter and he and Stock crawled into their blankets at the earliest opportunity, and wearied with the excitement and fatigues of the day, were soon fast asleep. Sam Biffin followed their example after he had relieved his mind to a few sympathetic listeners of his disgust at the course of the authorities in Washington, his contempt at the way the War was being carried on, his nausea over the negro policy, his disbelief in the efficiency of the commanding General, and his acute perception of the hollow mockery of giving commissions to such men as commanded the regiment and the companies in it. If there was anything, either military or civil, that ruled Mr. Biffin he neglected to mention it.

At 3 o'clock in the morning the whole army was awakened and placed in line of battle. The boys came into place in that slow, listless pace peculiar to men awakened at that hour, when there seems to be little in the world that can compare in importance with the continuance of one's rudely broken slumbers. They stood around in the damp, chilling, and yawned, and grumbled, and leaned heavily on their muskets. They were woefully cruf awoke to comprehend that they were on the brink of a desperate battle. Finally this seemed to be remembered by them, and there was a low buzz of conversation among friends and comrades as they stood toge her in the ranks. Then all seemed to sober down into a mood of tense expectancy, in which few words were spoken. Frequent shots sounded along the picket lines in front, and on either flank. Locomotives were whistling shrilly in Corinth, and the sound of the Rebels cheering floated over the tops of the hills.

"They are receiving reinforcements" said some of those standing in line, with a little tremor of discouragement. Then came the sound of several loud explosions, which aroused everybody to keen attention, but which no one could explain or suggest even a reasonable hypothesis.

The day was slowly dawning. The pickets in front became excited and alarmed over shapes and movements seen in the confusing half lights, and sent back thrilling messages. There had been a great deal of movement around the heavy guns in their front during the night, they said. They thot a number of new ones had been placed in position, and they could distinctly see men standing around them, as if to open fire the moment that it was all light enuf to do so with any effect. One officer in particular had disturbed them very much. In the first glimmering of the dawn they had caught sight of him, standing far in advance of the Rebel line, in a position where he had an excellent view of the Union line. They were quite sure that they could make out glasses in his hand, and that he was reconnoitering our line preparatory for the attack seemed beyond doubt. They had fired at him repeatedly, but without causing him to even change his position. They thot that some sharpshooters ought to be sent forward immediately, to either bring him down, or make him cease his observations and go back inside his own lines.

The File was detailed to go forward, and see what could be done in the matter. When they arrived at the picket post, sure enuf, there was the Rebel officer, still standing composedly on the hillside, sweeping the field before him with his glass, and noting every preparation being made in our lines for battle.

"Be me soul," said O'Neil, "Oi do loike to say a man constantly on the look out for information, to improve his moind, an' the loike, but ther's such a thing as paying too much attention to your neighbor's affairs, and we'll have to give our frind over there a lesson in good manners."

"Yes, too much curiosity is a very bad thing—in fellows that wear that uniform," said Walter, as the three passed out beyond the pickets, and began crawling cautiously up toward the Rebels.

They were much astonisht that no shots were coming over from the Rebel line, and that they saw no pickets out in front, but they explained this to themselves on the ground that all the outlying guards had been drawn in in preparing for the assault.

They gained, with little trouble, the protection of a log within 400 yards of the officer, and lay down behind it. Stock, who, since Bronson's absence, was the best shot of the File, was to try the officer first. He took the range carefully, aimed deliberately, and fired, while the rest watcht.

"He seemed to move a little," said Walter. "The bullet either struck him or very close to him, but he's got lots of nerve. I'll try him now."

Walter fired, but the Rebel showed not the least sign of disturbance on that account, nor did he after receiving O'Neil's shot.

"Oi belave the fellow's got a charm of some koind about him, and that the only way we can fetch him will be wid a silver bullet," said O'Neil, whose mind was not at all free from the superstitions of his race.

"Til try this time for his top knot," said Stock, who had reloaded. "The last time I aimed at his breast. Mebbe he's got one o' them bullet proof vests on, which has turned our bullets."

Stock took good aim at the Rebel's head and fired. The rest, who watcht, were surprised beyond measure to see that tho the field glass went flying off into space, as if struck by the bullet, the Rebel stood as calm and unmoved as ever.

"Why what sort of a man can that be?" gasped Walter.

"Be——, bys, Oi hev it," said O'Neil, in the accent of an inspiration, "that's no man at all; that's only a stuffed dummy, set out there to fool us wid. An' Oi belsyve upon me loife that thim artillerymen up there are the same thing. Lets crawl forward agin an' examine thim closer."

Then these on the line in the rear, who had been eagerly watching the assault o' the File upon the daring Rebel, were now astonisht to see them start towards him, and becoming bolder every moment, finally abandon all pretense of keeping covered, and rush directly upon him. They saw O'Neil lift the dummy, for such it really was, up with one hand, and hold it out at arm's length, that those behind might see what it was, and finally gave it a kick that sent it half way down the hill. Then the three made what seemed an insane rush for the top of the Rebel works, and knockt a whole platoon of the seeming defenders down with one sweep of their muskets.

They turned their faces back toward the excited men in the line of battle across the ravine, waved their caps, and shouted.

The truth flasht upon the others:

The Rebels had evacuated the place.

A mighty shout arose, and then came a race to see whose flag should be first planted upon the works.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RATS.

Mrs. Benedict's Remarkable and Valuable Discovery.

New York Post

It has always been easy for housewives who are troubled with rats to poison them, but the problem has been to induce them to die upon the field of honor, so to speak—to wit, the kitchen floor. They have usually preferred to retire to their inaccessible retreats in the walls as soon as they have felt the symptoms of the arsenical poisoning, and the low state of sanitary science prevailing in their communities is such that poisoned rats are never properly buried or incinerated by their associates. The problem has been how to kill the rats without bringing unpleasant odors into the house.

Mrs. Benedict has solved the difficulty, and is entitled to the honor we give to an inventor. She was engaged, it appears, in the domestic manufacture of plaster casts of various kinds. Complaint having been made of the fragility of these wares Mrs. Benedict began a course of experiments, with the hope of giving greater durability to her casts. One of her devices was to mix wheaten flour with her pulverized plaster of Paris, so that the gluten of the flour might make the paste less brittle. One evening she had visitors, who rang her door bell just as she was sifting the mixed plaster and flour for the third time, by way of mixing them intimately, as the chemists say. She had already set a dish of water at hand, intending to make a cast at once, and when the door bell rang she hastily removed her apron and went to welcome her guests, leaving her materials upon the kitchen table. The guests stayed until late bedtime, and when they bade her adieu, Mrs. Benedict went to bed, without returning to the kitchen.

What happened in the night was this. A rat, sniffing at the odor of flour, made up the legs of the table to the top, where he was speedily joined by other foragers—his brethren. The dish of flour and plaster was easily reached, and the rats ate freely and hastily of it, as it is their custom to do. It was rather a dry supper, and, water being at hand, each rat turned from the savory dish of flour and plaster to slake his thirst with water. Everybody who has had to do with plaster of Paris will guess at once what happened. The water drunk first wetted the plaster in the rats' stomachs, and then, in technical phrase, 'set it;' that is to say, the plaster thus made into a paste instantly grew hard in each rat's stomach, making a cast of all its convolutions. The event proved that with such a cast in existence it is impossible for a rat to retreat even across a kitchen.

The next morning 13 of them lay dead in a circle around the water dish.

A Tribute to Mrs. Hayes.

New Haven Register.

As for Mrs. Hayes, every American citizen should lift his hat in respect to her womanly qualities. She has removed from the White House shoddyocracy and established therein a typical American home, and this great service has rendered the atmosphere of political life in Washington sweeter and better. It has fallen to the lot of one other American woman to accomplish so great a work, and she has done it nobly.

Picnicking.

Shenandoah News.

Beneath a sandy tree they sat,
He held her hand, she held his hat,
I held my breath and lay right flat;
They kissed, I saw them do it.
He held that kissing was no crime,
So held her head up every time,
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme,
While they thought no one knew it.

Gold in Dentistry.

Pacific Medical Journal.

Dr Farrar, of Brooklyn, says that not less than half a ton of pure gold, worth $500,000, is annually packed into people's teeth in the United States, and that at this rate all the gold in circulation will be buried in the earth in 300 years.

THE TALE OF ABDURRAHMAN KHAN.

BY J. B. B.

Abdurrahman Khan has crossed the Hindoo Kosh with a small following and arrived at Tuondarrah.—*Morning Telegram.*

There's a booming of banners, a waving of drums,
There's a glitter of steel as our brave hero comes;
Then up with the war cry and shout every man,
"Hurrah for our leader, Abdurrahman Khan!"

Though few be his men, they are all undismayed,
They've "business and blood" writ clear on each blade,
They fight for the glory of Afghanistan,
As they follow the star of Abdurrahman Khan.

With backs to their kinsmen they march to the Kosh,
And straightway they cross it without any slosh,
With the eye of an eagle the country they scan,
And woe to the foe of Abdurrahman Khan.

Lo the conflict approaches, how dreadful the din!
With a cheer and a tiger both armies go in,
One killed and four captured, and wounded, one man,
And gone are the hosts of Abdurrahman Khan.

HER MORTAL ENEMY.

And How She Overcame Him

A Story of a Woman's Ways.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gillian does not go; she stays. A fortnight has passed. Use is everything, and it seems to her now as if for the larger half of her life she has been waited on by a charwoman, and had had her food fetched from a cook shop. For the invalid has obstinately declined to *monter* his establishment again, even partially.

"You were all so determined that I was going to die at once," he says, sarcastically, "that I thought I would save my successor a great deal of trouble. I have done him a good turn, and I can assure that I have not the least notion of undoing it again."

So the chairs, tables, chandeliers, and book cases still abide in their ghostly shrouds: the naked chairs still echo under every falling foot; and Gillian moves, the only living thing, among them. At somebody's orders, indeed—she forbears from inquiring whose—a small up stairs sitting room has been made habitable for her. There a fire burns: thither unexplored pot plants come, and there the girl sits alone most of the short yet long January days, waiting to be sent for to the sick room; waiting, waiting!

Sometimes for a whole day, or even two, the summons she is expecting never comes, and she sits, drearily stitching, absently reading, mopingly thinking, from breakfast to bed-time. Sometimes, on the other hand, she is kept prisoner for interminable hours by the side of the sick bed, hearing little godless tales that shock and do not amuse her; nervously reading aloud unknown books in unfamiliar tongues, until voice fails and eyes ache; trying, seldom judiciously, to put in words in season, and being invariably baffled and routed in the attempt, and finally dismissed with ironical thanks and sarcastic compliments, and returning to her solitude with the dispirited conviction that all her wear and tear of mind, body, and temper have been absolutely of no use at all. One ray of light has, indeed, cheered her darkness, in the shape of the letters she has received from home. If anything could reinstate her in her self esteem, it would be they. Plaintive records of little domestic disasters, all dating from and owing their origin to her departure from her uncle. Warm hearted school girl gushes from Emilia, a scrap of laborious, loving roundhand from little Dick. Her first impulse on receiving them is a triumphant longing to show them to Burnet—Burnet, whose eyebrows she had seen so insolently rise at her statement of her own indispensibility. Reflection shows her that such a course would be undignified, puerile, impossible; but the consciousness of having such a large stone by her to sling at him, in case of further incredulity, makes her distinctly less uncivil to him for three days after their arrival. One afternoon she is sitting beside the sick bed; and, as its occupant has not spoken for a quarter of an hour, and his eyes are closed, she imagines that he has fallen into one of those faint, fitful dozes that ease the heaviness of an invalid's long day. Being, as she thinks, off duty, her look is resting with an unconscious keenness of wonder, speculation, and pity on the faded discontent, the satiric puckers—satiric even in sleep—of his small, sharp face. She starts with a frightened jump at the sound of his voice, thoroughly awake, and not at all pleased.

"Might I take the liberty, my dear, of asking the cause of the microscopic scrutiny with which you are favoring me?"

"I—I was only wondering about you," she answers, stammering.

"Very good of you to take the trouble, I am sure," he answers, sourly; "but I think, if it is all the same to you, I had also not as soon that you would leave off."

"I was thinking no harm," she answers, sweetly, though not disrespectfully; "I have no objection to telling you what I was thinking; I was only wondering how it was that you, who are so absolutely impenetrable to any one's influence should be so docile to the slightest hint of—of—Dr. Burnet's." She speaks the two last words with a slight hesitation, as if her tongue and a disstaste for the sound of them.

"H'm! is that all?"

"What is the secret of his great influence with you?" she says, gathering boldness, her curiosity getting the upper hand of that timidity which is, indeed, no part of her character.

"Since you are so anxious to know," he replies, crossly, "though I confess myself unable to see what business it is of yours, let me tell you that he is the one honest man I have ever met!"

She is silent for a moment, reflecting; then—

"Surely you have been unlucky," she says, fixing her healthy, limpid eyes incredulously upon him, "if in the whole course of your long life you have met only one honest man."

"My long life!" he repeats, pettishly; "I am much obliged to you, my dear, but not so very much strunly long, after all; you need not make me out such a Methuselah."

For the moment Gillian is rebuffed, but presently she returns to the charge.

"But how has he shown his honesty?" she asks a little persistently.

"Good God, Gillian!" replies her father in a fury, "what do you mean by putting me through such a d——l cate chism? Pon my soul I will not stand it!"

There is no doubt that the subject must be dropped, and so Gillian sees, she remains dissatisfiedly mute, and there is no sound save the roll of brisk carriages in the square, the sharp twitter of cockney sparrows and the bell of St. Chad's ringing to afternoon prayer. It is the sick man himself who by and-by resumes the conversation.

"Perhaps, *ma belle*," he says, in a voice which sufficiently shows that his temper has not yet recovered from the ruffling which her point-blank questions had caused it, "you yourself might condescend to feel indebted to a person who had made you a present of ten additional years of life."

Her eyes have wandered absently away to the half-veiled window—to the toilet-table, with its elaborate load of beautifying apparatus, its unguents and essences.

At his words they return, interested and attentive to his face. A question hovers on the edge of her lips; but a timely remembrance of the ill reception of her last inquiries makes her content herself with looking interrogative.

"Ten years ago," says the invalid, in a cross and grudging voice, "since you must know all about it all the first men in London had given me up. They said, 'You are a dead man!' I said, 'Begging your pardons, I am nothing of the kind. We give you three months!' they said. Only an operation could save me, and not one of them—I give you my word of honor—not one of them had the pluck to undertake it!"

He pauses, and petulantly whisks with his pocket handkerchief at a fly that has settled on the discolored marble of his sick brows.

"Do not go on if it tires you," she says, gently; but he takes not the smallest notice of her polite solicitude.

"Just at that moment," he continues, in the same exasperated voice, "an accident brought me acquainted with Burnet. I explained my case to him: he—I suppose you will allow me to spare you the surgical details—or perhaps," with a crabbed laugh, "you insist upon having them in full too? Well, the long and the short of it was that he pulled me through, and I can assure you that I was vastly obliged to him, and with your permission take the liberty of being so still."

A pause. By and-by—

"That was not *honesty*," says Gillian, doggedly, "that was skill; 'I do not see how that proves his honesty."

"Very well, my dear, very well!" replies her father, crossly, plucking at the sheets, with his forehead puckered into a fretful frown, and his pale lips irritably quivering; "then he is not honest, he is dishonest; he is the most dishonest rogue out of Newgate! You may tell him so if you choose. Now is your time—here he comes."

In effect, while he has been speaking, the door has opened, and Burnet has appeared on his daily visit.

"Tell him what?" he says, composedly, looking from the malign amusement of the little old man's withered face to the discomfiture of his blooming daughter's.

"He is now all attention; now is your time, Gillian," repeats the invalid, chuckling; "you can never have a better opportunity. What! are you going?—for she has fled to the door—"nay, that is a pity. You have always been wishing to be able to amuse me; you were just beginning to succeed."

Long after she has reached the haven of her little sitting room his small, mocking voice still sounds in her ears, cold and stinging. Though no one is there to see it, her face still burns and smarts with that agonizing blush. It seems to prevent her reading or working or occupying herself in any way. It is occupation enough in itself. She lies in a low *causeuse* before the fire; her flaxen head thrown back on the cushion, and her two slim hands covering her face. She does not remove them even at the sound of the opening door. Doubtlessly it is the ministering charwoman bringing her reading-lamp for the dark has fallen. It was only when her ears become aware of two sets of footsteps, and of a rustling gown—charwomen never rustle—that she lifts her head and looks up. A girl's light figure is coming toward her in the firelight. In a moment she has recognized one of the people of her former life—that already, though it ended only a fortnight ago, seems so wondrously far off—has sprung up and flung two most welcoming arms round the neck of Sophia Tarlton.

"You poor soul!" cries the latter, in a surprised voice, partially smothered as well as surprised through the violence of Gillian's embrace, "what a very low crib you must be at to be so dreadfully glad to see me!"

"Was not I always glad to see you?" cries Gillian, loosing her hold, while her mind reverts to the past; and she is fain to scout it to herself, with a feeling of astonishment, the extremely lukewarm nature of her joy on the occasion of the visits of any and every member of the Tarlton family.

"You were glad," rejoins the other, shrewdly, "but not nearly so glad. Do you know that at first I thought you must have mistook me for some one else; are you quite sure that you know who I am?"

"Quite sure," replies Gillian laughing a little confusedly. Then, to prove that there is no mistake, she adds, "How is Anne?"

"She is very well," replies Anne's sister, indifferently. "I wanted her to come with me here to-day, but she is gone instead to Paddington, to see a supposed admirer off. Between you and me, he tried his best to persuade her, but you know poor Anne's ways. I cannot understand that sort of thing can you? I have such a notion of making one's self respected have you not? Anne has no self-respect."

She gives this last damning sisterly verdict with a cheerful voice and an unclouded countenance.

"How is Mrs Tarlton? How is the General?" says Gillian, hardly heeding her affectionate speech, still drearily smiling at the thought of being again in sexual contact with a bit of her home life and lovingly uttering some of the familiar names, even of some of the least dear.

"They have not spoken to each other for a week," says Sophia, making a face; "is not it peurile of them? We are all up at Garland's Hotel for a fortnight, they send messages to each other by the waiters at dinner. We are so ashamed of them!"

Both girls sit down, and there is a moment's pause, while Sophia is looking inquisitively round.

"Come, you are not so much to be pitied!" she says when her sharp eyes have made the tour of the room. "I think I expected a fireless garret; you have armchairs, flowers"—enumerating the little details of luxury, as her look falls on each in turn—"I suppose the gardener sent you up the flowers from home."

"I suppose so," replies Gillian, in a rather confused voice.

Then, her natural vivacity getting the upper hand, she adds hastily:

"No; they did not come from home; they came from— I do not quite know where they came from."

"And you never asked!" in a tone of slight and inquisitive interest.

"No."

"You cannot even guess?"

"No—o—o." Then, somewhat impatiently, "What does it matter where they came from, now they are here? Not but what," giving them rather spitefully, "I could do extremely well without them."

A short silence.

"And you will stay here," says Sophia, leaning forward, and shedding her on pretty but acute face from the fire with the muff, "until—"

"Yes; I suppose so until—" replies Gillian.

Neither of them says until what. There are things that though it is not brutal to think, it is brutal to say.

"And what will you do then?"

"What shall I do then?" cries Gillian excitedly. "Why, what shall be likely to do? Why, put myself into the very first train, of course, and go home; I am afraid they are all going to rack and ruin already without me! Have you seen them? Do they seem very wretched?"

"I lunched there on Wednesday," replies Sophia, rather slowly; "they all looked much as usual, except that Jane sat at the head of the table, and struck me as taking the lead a good deal; but, of course," seeing Gillian's countenance fall a little "one cannot judge in the lessly a casual half-hour like that."

"Of course not!" very quickly. "I am so glad," with a touch of her old self-esteem, "that they get on at all."

"You are looking better than I expected," says Sophia, presently, still shading her face from the blaze, while she surveys with the keen and unenvious admiration of a completely plain woman the richly flushed face and beautiful vexed eyes of her companion; "I was afraid that the sitting up at night might have knocked you up."

"I never sit up at nights," replies Gillian, drily.

"The day nursing then?—the confinement to the sick room?—the continued standing?"

"Sometimes, for two days together, I never enter the sick room."

Sophia raises her eyebrows.

"Then what is the use of your being here?"

"There is no use."

"But whose fault is it?" in a tone of surprised curiosity.

"You had better ask Dr. Burnet. Perhaps," with an extremely caustic accent—"perhaps you are not aware that he is master here?"

"But why should he try to keep you out?" cries Sophia, with blunt common sense—"what object could he have?"

"His motives," replies Gillian, stiffly, "are best known to himself. I have no wish to meddle with them."

There is such a pregnant spitefulness in her tone that Sophia breaks into a laugh:

"You certainly do not think very highly of them." After reflecting for a few moments, "But, you see," in a consoling tone, "however great his influence with your father may be, he could not prevent his wish to see you—he could not prevent his sending for you?"

"He did not send for me," cries Gillian, almost loudly, sitting bolt upright in her chair, and giving vent at last to the flood of bottled mortification and ire that has been seething and boiling in her breast for fourteen angry days—"he did not want to see me! I bore him inexpressibly! I could not have believed" with a slight quiver in her voice, "that I ever could have bored any one as I do him! No, it was Dr. Burnet's doing; it was his fiat that I should come, so, of course, I came."

"And he fetched you himself?" says Sophia, very slowly, opening her shrewd eyes; and with a long drawn breath of astonishment—"a man in such practice! for I must tell you, my dear, that we are looked upon as grossly ignorant not to have heard of him—in fact, our good health is our only excuse. How *did* he afford to waste twenty-four hours in capturing you?"

Whether there is something in the word "wasted" that jars on Gillian's still thriving self esteem, or whether the whole frame and tone of the sentence are displeasing to her, there is certainly a good deal of acrimony in her voice, as she answers hotly:

"I do not know why every one has *se donne le mot* to sing his praises. I am not a prejudiced person" (a short smile smile steals over Miss Tarlton's features); "I only know that here is a perfect stranger, who has, by means best known to himself, obtained the most complete ascendancy over my father; while I, his own daughter, am absolutely nothing; ordered about like a dog, at everybody's beck, and afraid to call my soul my own."

There is something so very unamiable to anybody's orders so thoroughly refractory in her whole appearance as she makes this statement, in her lofty carriage, her resolute lips and blazing eyes, that again Sophia smiles.

"It must be at least a new sensation," she says, slily.

Then, rising from her chair, and beginning to rebuck the fur collar round her neck—

"Well, I suppose I must be going. I half expected that Anne would have joined me here; but I suppose poor dear, she is still sobbing on the platform at Paddington. *Au revoir!*"

TO BE CONTINUED.

LE CREME DES CHRONIQUES.

What the Alleged Wits of Paris Find to Say in Their Newspapers.

Scene—the river's bank.

Spectator concealed behind tree watching angler—"I've been watching that fellow fishing for the last four hours and he hasn't had even a bite in the period. He must have the patience of Job!"

* * *

A Parisian who has gone out gunning, chances to meet in a sylvan dell a fair young shepherdess and leaning his fowling piece against a tree proceeds to make most ardent love to her.

Suddenly the father of the shepherdess appears upon the scene and espies his daughter's head leaning upon the young stranger's shoulder.

A spasm of rage contorts his features and bounding like a tiger towards the tree against which the gun has been placed he seizes the weapon and runs away with it, hissing between his clenched teeth.

"It is worth at least 200 francs!"

* * *

Incident in the States United reported by *Le Figaro*.

Great emotion in Chicago.

One hanged has been taken off too soon. He is recome to life and in unknown himself. It is a frightful scoundrel, but we cannot decently re-hang him.

"The Sheriff makes to come the hang man.

"Why did you take off the man so soon?"

"The hangman, man of aspect severe—"I will make remark to your honor that the cord appertains to me."

"Eh, well—your cord?"

"He was agitating himself much and that was wearing it out."

* * *

An old gentleman who is avaricious said has the disadvantage of a large family of relations, has contrived an ingenious plan for getting rid of the necessity of making birthday presents to them, or, at least to such of them as are of the gentler sex.

His method was simple enough. He sent them presents in large boxes, conspicuously addressed thus: "To Mme. Eudoxie B——, on her 68th birthday." To my niece Gertrude, on the 31st anniversary of her birth," etc.

His relatives instantaneously united in begging him not to waste money on presents for them, now that times were so hard.

* * *

A young lady is buying an adorable little bull terrier. Just at the moment of concluding the bargain, she says:

"O, I wanted to say, does he bark much? I am so sensitive to sound of any kind that the least noise gives me a headache."

"O, no, marm," says the dog fancier. "I can hanswer for that dog. He is one of them noisy beggars has keeps

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1880.

Entered at the Post-Office at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

We are not electing Presidents now on their shape.

The heaviest man in Cincinnati is dead. Weight, 340 pounds.

Don Cameron says that any affectation of doubt as to Pennsylvania is pure nonsense.

The Democracy is right. The people do want a change:—in the Senate and House.

The New York *Sun* is now the only paper in the United States that has not condoned S. J. Tilden's defeat.

De La Matyr has served the Democracy's turn, and may now go. Not a gleam of hope will they give him for re-election.

As ex Sen. Barnum will manage the Democracy's campaign the outlook in the mule market may said to be highly encouraging.

The Remingtons were recently paid the neat little sum of $450,000 by the Egyptian Government for a broken contract for rifles.

The Democratic politicians, who want office, say the people want a change. The people, who are enjoying prosperity, say they want no change.

John Kelly's resurrection of the hatchet is said to be due to the fact that the Tilden crowd want to give him taffy and take all the offices themselves.

Sec. Schurz has a happy inspiration. He would convert the National Park into a great game preserver in which to keep specimens of all the wild animals on the continent

New York *Telegram:* The only way to keep a boy from going in swimming is to convince him in some way that swimming is a duty he owes to his mother.

Buffalo has had a bogus nobleman, who borrowed money of all his friends, married one of the City's prettiest girls, and then discovered that he had immense properties in France, awaiting his arrival there and so disappeared.

The peach crop in California has been seriously injured by the variable weather this Summer. Perhaps it is the beginning of the end of fine peaches there, they failing, just as they have in other localities, without any seeming reason.

It is unfortunately true that the trade of the United States with Chili is decreasing every year. A few years ago and articles from here found a ready market, but England has superseded us, and it will require a struggle to regain what has been lost.

That Hancock proposed to arrogate to himself the powers of the two houses of Congress, the Vice President of the United States, the Supreme Court—possibly other functionaries, in deciding who was the successor Pres. Grant, seems rather inconsistent with his boasted subserviency to the civil power. Now, does it not?

Two Americans have undertaken enterprises to develop the natural resources of Russia. One has established joint stock company with a capital of $8,000,000, to work the South Russian Coal Mines, which undertaking the Blade has mentioned before; the other has set to working the naptha fields of the Kuban.

The Nicaraguan Canal project seems to be gaining in favor every day, both in the United States and Europe. The agent sent to the latter country reports success in obtaining pledges of foreign capital beyond the most sanguine expectation of the friends of the scheme, and it is thought that the work will be actively begun in the Fall.

Gen. Geo B. McClellan writes to the Hancock Veteran Club:

"The General did as much to insure the success of the war, I knew so well what it was for, and perceived so clearly when it was over," etc.

The trouble with McClellan was that he thought the War was over long before it really was. He made war in such a lukewarm fashion that he was never quite sure whether it was war or pesce.

So far three Republicans have declared for Hancock. One of these is a sore headed New York aristocrat, who is soured because his millions have not received official recognition at the hands of the party; a second is an editor who gained public notice as the manager of the notorious Kitchen cabinet in the most infamous Doughface Administration in our history, and the third is a military Brigadier whom the Pittsburg mob frightened out of his uniform.

Forney calls Hancock "the Murat of Pennsylvania." The comparison is not fortunate. Murat was also a professional soldier, with a marked tendency to use his sword wherever the opportunity was best for personal advantage, and he became in consequence such a nuisance to Europe that he was summarily disposed of one fine morning by a firing squad of Neapolitan soldiery. Hancock has not begun to turn his military coat as often as Murat.

For fifteen years—while Hancock has been lounging in barracks, leading a life as slow, dull, and monotonous as that of a keeper of a country toll-gate—Garfield has been in the thick of public affairs, learning lessons in statecraft and developing in practical wisdom every hour in the sharp attrition with the best minds at the capital. He has fully prepared himself for the high office to which he will be called next November, while his opponent will be left to lounge on through a life of self-indulgence.

In England about one in twenty one of the population has an account at a savings bank; in Wales, one in forty; in Scotland, one in twelve; and in Ireland, one in 100. The amount owing to depositors on November 20, 1879, was equal to an average of £1 11s. 4d. per head of the population in England, 18s per head in Wales, £1 17s. 5d in Scotland and 7s. 10d. in Ireland. Thus statistics sustain the popular reputation of the Scotchman for canny carefulness; there are more people north of the Tweed who make and put by savings than in any other part of the kingdom, and they accumulate a larger amount.

THE De GOLYER CONTRACT.

Only unscrupulous partizan rancor can make culpability out of Gen. Garfield's connection with the De Golyer paving contract. If he were wrong in taking the fee he did—if he should be held criminally responsible for having accepted a check for his services, then no officer of the people of any kind who receives a dollar outside of his salary or fees should escape the prison. Let us review the facts briefly. A mere presentation of them will suffice to show the groundlessness of any charge, incousistent with the highest official rectitude. The points in the case are these:

I. Congress, feeling that the United States should justly bear a portion of the expense of improving its capital, agreed to contribute about $4,000,000 to the District of Columbia for this purpose. This donation was approved of by members of all shades of political belief. Gen. Garfield voted for it, as did a great majority of the Congressmen, and no one has ever charged that a single undue influence was brought to bear to secure it's passage. There was no reason for exerting such undue influence, because the justice of such a contribution was generally acknowledged.

II. The next step was the appointment of a Government for the District, similar to that of a Territory. With this appoint ment Gen. Garfield had, and could have, absolutely nothing to do. His name was never mentioned in connection with it, in any shape or manner. He was not then a Republican of such influence that he would be likely to be even called upon for his advice in the matter. There were scores of Republicans in the House, who would have been consulted as leaders of the party before him. And, above all, he has never, in all his public career, been known to intrigue and manuver to control appointments or fill offices. It is preposterous to assert or even imagine that he—relatively obscure as he then was, and lacking the taste and talent for political manipulation—should have been able to control in the least the appointment of the Government of the District of Columbia, in the face of the politicians who led in affairs in those days.

III. The next step in the scheme of the improvement of Washington, was the appointment by the District Government of a Board of Public Works, which was to have direct charge of the work. This Board received plans and estimates from various engineers, setting forth comprehensive plans for grading and paving the streets, constructing sewers, etc. After the usual delay and discussion one of these plans was adopted. It provided that so much of the paving should be of wood and so much of concrete, and of what dimensions and materials the sewers should be constructed, etc. The Board further adopted a schedule of prices for the various kinds of work. This schedule was adopted after the most thorough examination into the cost of the materials and work, and it was thought to be the most judicious method of securing the best results for the City. In all these stages of the proceedings Garfield appears to be as remote as the stars. No one has shown, nor can they show, that he had the most distant connection with them.

IV. The decision to lay so much wooden pavement brought upon the ground all the owners of patents and processes for for making wood serve the purposes of pavement for streets. It was a time when the woodea pavement fever had just begun to rage; everybody was anticipating great results from the adaptation of wood to that purpose, and the owners of patents and processes were very anxious for the adoption of their particular kind of pavement at the Capital, which would be an advertisement for them that would make their fortunes. No less than 40 of them were in attendance upon the Board, each pressing his claims with all the energy he was capable of. Let it be remembered all the time that the price—the usual element of dispute in such cases—was not a factor in the discussion.

V. The De Golyer—McClelland company had secured the services of Hon. Richard C. Parsons, of Cleveland, to present the superior merits of their style of pavement to the Board. The company was to pay him $10,000 for doing this—an amount not all high, when it is considered that the adoption of the pavement at Washington it was then believed would bring about its adoption all over the country. He began the preparation of his brief upon the subject, but before he could finish it circumstances whose urgency would admit of no denial, took him away from the city, and he left the work to be finished by his friend Garfield, who did so. It was during the session of Congress, and there could appear no reason in the world why he might not add to his scanty income, by opportunities in the line of his profession. The size of the fee depended wholly on Mr. Parsons's generosity,

Such are the facts. To make any showing of corruption on the part of Gen. Garfield would presuppose an amount of Mephistophelian shrewdness and talent for intrigue that would be simply supernatural. Between the appropriating of the money for the District of Columbia, and the decision as to the merits of different kinds of wood pavement there is a gap so vast and wide that the man who believes that Garfield could and did span it with machinations and intrigues, to secure a paltry $5 000 in the end, must either be a fool, or one so determined to believe ill of his political opponents that he has stomach for the most increditable of stories

Twenty eight years ago the old General for whom the present Democratic candidate was named, was a candidate on the Whig ticket for President. He was fresh from his admirable campaigns in Mexico, where he had done the country such grand service as to cast into the shade his schievements in former wars. In physique, in personal appearance—in military greatness—in every way—he was a much more "superb soldier" than Gen. Hancock But he was not a truckler to the Slave Power, and the Democracy showered ridicule and contumely upon him from the beginning of the campaign to the end. Never was an illustrious soldier, and a man of pure life more unscrupuously maligned than Gen. Scott was by the hounds of Slavery. The Democrats nominated and elected a New Hampshire nobody, named Franklin Pierce, who groveled at Slavery's feet during the whole of the dismal long four years he was in office.

AROUND CAPE HORN.

Six Months on Blue Water.

A Very Old-Fashioned Experience.

A Lady's Log of a Trip in a Sailing Vessel from New York to San Francisco—One Hundred and Sixty-Five Days of Winds, Storms and Calms.

PART IX.

Sunday, Oct., 19th—Entered the Strait of La Maire this morning at quarter to seven o'clock, the Island of Terra del Fuego on the right of us and Staten Island on the left. The Captain held off a couple of hours in order to make the pass by daylight.

Mother Nature must have been in a very sterile condition when she brought forth such offspring, but our beneficent sun god glorified those ragged mountain peaks and caused them to stand out in all their native majesty against a background of heavenly blue while the surf breaking at their feet graciously wore a veil for their farther beautification. The first mountains we saw were the Three Brothers and are respectively 1,230, 1,660, and 1,380 feet in height. There were nothing but mountains to be seen and those of the wildest, bleakest sort, their tops covered with snow and one or two of them piercing the clouds, the only vegetation an occasional clump of harsh grass. The immense crater of an extinct volcano was distinctly visible, its fevered mouth effectually cooled by perpetual snows. Great numbers of the larger sea birds, Albatros and Guerneys interspersed with the smaller kinds—gulls, pigeons, divers, &c circled about. The moment we entered the Strait and got on soundings the water changed from deepest blue to emerald green, and the wind commenced to whistle shrilly about our ears, the waves short, sharp and freely white capped, snapped like a vicious cut with a whip and broke against our beams as if determined to sprinkle the unwary beholder. The sails baffled all but the most strenuous efforts to furl, looking about as manageable as so many gigantic feather beds. Bell Mountain, in our near vicinity, is 2 600 feet above the level of the sea and there is a Morris Cave and a Good-Success Bay, where whale and seal fishers put in. Seals are quite abundant, and are seen freely sporting about us. This coast looks like a fit and safe resort for seals and birds, although there are said to be inland a few irreclaimable, clay-eating savages. Just as we turned the corner—as it were—we sighted our first sail in three weeks. Miss C. greeted our first glimpse of land in 84 days with "Well! there is some land on earth after all." These short pitching seas, have evolved fresh waits of woe from the victims, and when I rapturously ejaculated, Oh! there is a mournful and disgusted monosyllable from them. We spent yesterday afternoon in fishing for birds and weeds the narrow space between the wheel house and taffrail at the stern, is our favorite place of resort, the house breaks the force of the wind while the birds haunt the wake of the ship, and the pork baited hook trails off beautifully, attracting scores of gulls and pigeons, surprising and baffling them to their evident chagrin and our great amusement, but when some unlucky little bird is captured and hauled on board, I betake myself to the cabin until it is officially announced that it has been disposed of—*i. e. hanged* plucked, dismembered, and the poor little carcass consigned to the sea. I regret to record of the species of birds we have caught—and I believe it is peculiar to other sea-birds that they possess one very marked and very unpleasant habit. As soon as they are taken on deck they are seized with sea sickness, and eject from the stomach a quantity of dark greasy fluid, smelling frightfully fishy, and very hard to eradicate. It is one of the means of defense with which nature has provided them: unless the creatures are too unmanageable they are held over the rail until they shall have got rid of their bile, but occasionally the decks have to suffer. Thus far their efforts at salvation have been futile, but their last moments may have been sweetened by the hope that their tormentors in the excitement—may have stepped unwary foot in the sanguinary looking puddle and would consequently experience the usual results of falls from grace. The wings and tails of our captives hang on a string in the wheel house, so far the ants have not molested them and we hope to preserve them as souvenirs. The straight of La Maire is about 20 miles in length and 14 in width. The Cape porpoises are spotted black and white, and this afternoon we had an excellent view of a fine specimen, which was springing completely out of the water as though it were endowed with a superabundance of vitality.

October 20th.—"Off Cape Horn" My ideas of cape Horn were ludicrously primitive. Had I been interrogated as to what I really thought it was, I should have replied, "a Cape extending from the main land." On the contrary it is a cliff 500 feet in height on a comparatively insignificant island, called Home Island, which belongs to the Hermite group, but it is a conspicuous point from a distance and makes an excellent land-mark for the tempest-tossed mariner. Indeed we viewed it last evening from by the rays of the setting sun at a distance of 40 miles, but on Home Island there is a false Cape Horn. There is also a Deceit Island, both of which may be taken for the real Cape. Hereabout is a perfect snarl of desolate, rocky excrescences called islands, each rejoicing in not only a local habitation but a name. Lennox, New Picture, Wollaston; Hermite, Herschel, Navarin, Gordon, Stewart, Londonderry and a hundred or so more. The ocean extends all around the earth, with only a few islands intervening; consequently, the current is made extremely strong from the blending of the Atlantic and Pacific. The swells are mortal by long and everlastingly trying to the stableness of one's locomotion, while everything that is not cleated, lashed, braced, or secured in some way (*clinched* is the common term), makes the most lawless use of its freedom. We were all so sleepy last evening from our long day in the wind that we were sure of the most profound of slumbers when we should betake ourselves to our couches, and I should have carried out that programe in spite of the confusion of tongues in my stateroom—the clothes on the hooks remarking something that I interpreted into "scrape, scrape;" the hand mirror and other suspended small deer with the crippled chair responding "thump, bump," while the partitions, assisted by the door, window and panels tumultuously screamed "creak, squeak," also, in spite of my previously alluded to hard hearted pillows and straitified husk mattress; out the abrupt change from "Rocked in the cradle of the deep" to that of being rolled about like a marble in a punch bowl was so trying to even this seasoned old salt, that nothing short of unshipping my arms and being braced and harnessed to my own side of the berth would have made it possible for me to court the drowsy god with any show of success. Between climbing up hill all night that I might not mash my companion like a fly against the berth board, and striking matches at every unusual lurch of the ship to examine into the causes of certain new and unrecognized sounds, we managed to extract about an hour's troubled sleep. We have long days in this latitude; it is daylight at 3:00 A. M.; the sun rises at five and sets about half past seven, and it is twilight until nine

One of yesterday's vessels (we saw two) proved to be an English Iron Lark. She came near enough for each to distinguish the handkerchiefs and caps worn by the other. John Bull probably thought us Yankees very fool hardy to carry such a quantity of canvas, but we had the satisfaction of walking right away from him and then laughing at his groggy movements, as he was only about a third as large as we are, he was proportionately upset by the motion and staggered along seemingly reckless whether stem or stern came foremost. We con inue our Terpsichorean exercises, and posture around as gracefully as circums ances will permit. Our table legerdemain is somewhat startling, and intricate juggler tricks with knife, fork and spoon are performed with commendable gravity. We are kept very busy; as we hurriedly quaff scalding tea or coffee we keep our weather eye out lest some of the larger dishes break loose from their moorings and deposit their contents into our laps. Just as supper was announced a rattle, a slide and a crash in the forward cabin brought us in a body to bewail the fate of the cover to our butter dish, which had divorced itself from its better half, described the Boston dip and perished in the undertaking, for there was no friendly intervening lap between it and a broken back. There was no great enthusiasm amongst the fishermen and women to-day, for the birds were numerous and voracious, but the lines occasionally get wrecked in the rudder chains, then do the heathen rage. Deceit Island and the Highlands at the back of it are now visible. Weather charming and not very cold. In consequence of head winds we are no nearer the Horn than we were yesterday.

Oct 21st—Latitude 56° 42 minutes, longitude 67° 5 minutes. Considerably colder and much overcast, but no appearance of ice. It was very rough last night. The first mate reported that during his watch last night we passed quite near to a ship which was laboriously staggering along under five sails while we were carrying 13.

The waves were running very nearly mountain high, as we conveyed ourselves to the deck this morning, but we hugged our wraps close to us, and with utter disregard of red noses, blue lips and streaming eyes, watched with breathless interest the rolling billows, and the swift flight of the thousands of birds Now and then a huge wave would break with a smothered roar, sending a deluge of cold and sparkling spray over the main deck, the shock nearly jerking our feet from under us and impelling us into an absurd and incontinent stampede for any object which could be grabbed at. A glorious bird, the only one of the kind we have seen, flew directly over our head. He was an immense and nobly formed bird, much larger than a guerney and at a distance looked to be perfectly white, but on closer inspection proved to be spotted—like an English coach dog. G. caught three Cape pigeons yesterday, and two to day, but I cannot overcome my repugnance to snarling and dragging through the water and over the stern those flattering, harmless, wild beauties. Perhaps the sailors are right, and those dark, bright, unfathomable eyes may belong to the transmigrated souls of defunct comrades. Cape Horn is again in sight from an entirely different *point de view*, at a distance of 18 miles or thereabouts. Also the highlands on Hermit Island.

October 22—Still in sight of the Horn. Grand, gloomy and peculiar, decidedly peculiar, I should say he was, in exalting his horn in all sorts of unexpected quarters, thrusting his ominous, stony, unrevealing physiognomy upon you in that omnipresent sort of way. Horn, I was inclined to underrate your importance when first I gazed upon your austere countenance, but the oftener I see you and the more my mind dwells upon you the greater is my conviction, that the time will come when I shall pay tribute to your awful, far reaching power. We are "inching along," to get around and away from his majesty. The Captain's suspicions that we were not making much progress were verified when he came to work his sight and discovered that we had made but 11 miles in 12 hours. We are now 31 miles from the Horn, which elevates its 500 feet of solid stone on our starboard beam and whose rugged austerities are mellowed and softened by the distance and the mild rays of the southern sun. The wind has completely died away and one might remain on deck for hours without feeling uncomfortably cold.

One of my illusions respecting Cape Horn is completely removed—*i. e.* that almost constant rains prevailed here, that at every season of the year high winds and gales would be encountered, and that ice bergs, sleet, hail, gigantic waves, seething foam breakers, fragments of wreck and driving, howling storms were thrown in *ad libitum*, that frost-bitten sailors tugged at ice encrusted ropes, had their brains pierced by innumerable icicles depending from gleaming spars, or broke their luckless necks from slipping on the glaring deck, and behold! here we are almost becalmed and serenely gazing upon the monster which Spring seems to have completely muzzled. The birds during calm intake themselves to pastures new, only a few remaining about us, and these nibbling lazily at the hook or ignoring it entirely.

We frequently see seals or the distant spouting of a whale, and the cry of the penquin often meets the ear. We may now consider ourselves on the south Pacific. Cape Horn is in latitude 55 deg. 59 sec., longitude 67 deg 16 min west.

Oct. 23d.—At 7 A. M the island of Diego Ramirez was in plain view. We passed within two miles of it. It is a mass of ragged rocks, against which the surf breaks and climbs until it entirely submerges the smaller fragments. The highest points are 200 feet from the level of the sea, and at a distance bear a close resemblance to a straw stack. This appearance is due to the immense deposits of guano. It is about eight miles from the extreme northern to the extreme southern portion of it, with an opening about two miles in width, through which vessels are sometimes forced by the wind. Captain F. wished to sail through there, as it cuts off the distance by a few miles, but was dissuaded by his wife who has been rendered timid by two or three shipwrecks. By means of the telescope we saw that the rocks were fairly alive with sea birds. Birds and seals are the only things which could exist on such a spot and they would be justified in imagining themselves safe from molestation until the crack of doom, but a little sail boat plying between the two islands showed that the seal fisher was abroad. The schooner to which it belonged, stood off at a distance under full sail, the number of small boats on her and the "try vessels" proclaiming her avocation and that those manning her did not disdain to lay violent hands on more mighty game should it throw itself ruthlessly in the way. We supposed that the craft in question belonged to the Faulkland Islands until she ran up her ensign (to which of course we responded) when she proved to be an American vessel. Yesterday we sighted the first four masted ships we have seen since leaving New York. The weather is raw and misty. It commenced to rain yesterday afternoon and continued most of the night—drizzling, dispiriting sort of rain. Capey weather I should say, as I have a distinct recollection of encountering just that identical sort, off Cape Hatteras a few years ago In a gale, Dr. Barrieret must be a sublime sight, with the roar of the breakers, and the hungry surf climbing those beetling cliffs, but as ill luck will have it, we are creeping along at the rate of two knots an hour. If there is any advantage in this state of affairs, it is that it gives us a chance to make up much needed arrears of sleep and a dead certainty of escaping shipwreck on the rocks. Seals and porpoises are abundant. This afternoon we see off on the horizon a number of small islands with one of the false Cape Horns, Morton, Hunt, Henderson, Ildefonso, etc., and a portion of a large one called Hoste Island, on which is Red Hill, covered with snow, as are all the higher rocks on the other islands. These most unenviable of spots for a Summer residence are seemingly off the same piece as is De Ramirez, and are a fit type of the abomination of desolation. Julier.

FROM COLORADO.

The Famous Bassick Mine—A Brief History of its Find and Development, With Reference to the Theory of its Peculiar Formation—An Episode in the Checkered Life of Mr. E. C. Bassick.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Silver Cliff, July 11, 1880.

Last week we visited the Verd, Alto and Silver King, at the eastern foothills of the Sangre de Christo Range. To-day we take an observation in an opposite direction, among the west slopes of the Wet Mountain (or Greenhorn) Range. About six miles east of Silver Cliff, amid the round topped, timber covered hills which are the skirmish lines to the Greenhorn Range, toward the Wet Mountain Valley, lies a Butte about 800 feet high, on the left hand of a trail which leads through the hills to the main road from Yorkville to Rositer. Upon the southeast slope of this hill, about 300 feet from its base, may be seen the original place where the excavation of the prospectors of 1876 was made. They abandoned the claim after sinking the shaft about ten feet, not finding sufficient encouragement to proceed, owing to the inequality of the lead.

It was the fortunate fate of Mr. E C. Bassick,

A MINER OF WIDE EXPERIENCE,

varying from Australia to the Pacific coast and thence to this valley, and covering a period of over twenty years, to make the eventful strike. He was bankrupt at the time, (less than two years ago) having suffered those ups and downs in finance incident to the mining fields, perhaps more peculiarly than to any other unless it be in the arena of the Stock Exchange, where their pledges are speculated upon. He, in despair, struck his pick into the stratum on the bottom of this deserted prospect, and after a few efforts, the implement rolled out a small boulder of an unique character in the history of mineralogy This round piece of granite or syenite is found to be covered by a mineral bearing deposit composed of the salts of sulphur, tellurium, arsenic, lead, gold and silver. This external coating is adherent to the granite so firmly that a blow will sever them both, as a fracture is made from the circumference to the center, and of a silver gray color, with a bright metalic polish

Mr. Bassick put some samples in his pocket and secured an assay which was so high that he would not report upon it until he had secured the claim. He was still so poor that he could not get

A SACK OF FLOUR

by cash or credit and yet he would not divulge this spring of hope till further developments. Someway, however, he managed to inspire confidence enough in an organization to get a few pounds of corn meal and thus equipped he resorted again to his treasure field. He struck about and discovered a "blow out" or "pocket" of this formation of about one and one half tons. After separating it as well as he could with a hammer, from the granite and syenite, he secured a team of mules to haul it to the smelter away at Pueblo nearly 50 miles distant, and returned with a draft for $27,000

Mr. B now proceeded in a systematic way to further develop the claim, and after sinking further the shaft and opening up others, demonstrated that he had struck the chimney to this great deposit and that it widened out in all directions as it descended towards the base of the mountain. The sensation became wide spread and quite an epidemic of experts set in that quarter, followed by capitalists with wide mouthed portmontes, awaiting the report from "the wise men from the East and the West."

Mr. Bassick originally came from the State of Maine and hence the claim was called at this date the

MAINE LODE.

I take occasion here to copy from the report of Messrs. Theodore H. Lowe, of Leadville, and Wm. M. Curtis, M. E., in their combined letter to Mr. Delano, of New York City. This was about one year ago last month, and how truthfully prophetic, or otherwise was their theory the history of the past week or two, shall teach.

Dear Sir—At your request, we write out our theory of the formation and mineralization of the Maine or Bassick Lode of Silver Cliff. At best it is only a theory, but to us, it seems to fit the facts in this case, and corresponds to other phenomena which have come under our observation elsewhere. The chronology of the formation of these veins seems to be divided into six different periods each, without doubt, of long duration:

First—The intense wide spread igneous action that covered the country with overflows of trachyte, and was then succeeded by a period of quiet that allowed the cooling of the same, in part at least.

Second—The strength of volcanic action breaking through this stiffened crust formed these immense fissures now filled with the boulder formation. These fissures were probably submarine, so that the third period followed closely upon the second. If not submarine, then large bodies of water found their way into these fissures, and for a long period there was a strife between the aqueous and igneous forces, taking the form, perhaps, of Geysers or great pulsations, thus causing the splintered fragments to become rounded. The facts which seem to point to this are, that the rounded boulders gradually become less and less like boulders and more angular as distance is gained from the center of the greatest action. These fissures then were filled with a mass of boulders, but without any minerals or metals surrounding or cementing them together.

Third—The igneous force after a period of rest gained sufficient strength to open again the fissure along the line of greatest action, and once more an incubation takes place through the vein Intensely heated vapors met again the surface waters, and loaded with metallic solutions, the heated waters took on the form of a thermal spring, gentle and long-continued in its action.

Fourth—The effect was to decompose the surface and cement the boulders, taking out the soluble lime, soda and potassis of the feldspar contained therein and replacing these by a metallic precipitate wherever the kaolinizing decomposition was greatest. The more noble of metals seem first to have been precipitated, and last of all the solution containing only iron.

Fifth—The kaolinization had now penetrated to the interior of the boulders and then formed the pyritic deposit in the place of the substance removed. The facts that prove this are that the deposit of mineral is greatest where the boulders bear evidence of greatest decomposition, as is shown in the masses of Kolin or feldspathic clay. As distance is gained from the center of action, the ore becomes more base in composition, and lastly only pyrites, the paragenesis of the mineral cost shows the last deposit to have been in pyrites.

Sixth—This period was one of rest, and possibly the waters still deposited silica along the course of circulation. The terrestrial magnetic currents caused a change in the metallic coatings, and metallic gold and silver grew from the rich ores filling the little cavities with pure metals. The surface water penetrated a comparatively slight depth, chloridizing and washing away the soluble chlorides, and thus leaving the chloride of silver in a pure state. The vein formation is now complete. My theory is that the boulder formation will close at a lower depth and the fissure formation take the usual form of a metallic vein, the "gangus" partaking of the nature of the different kinds of spar, especially calc spar, as sufficient depth is gained

The Bassick formation has been said to be only a chimney, but if we look at the form of the present excavation and remember that Mr. Bassick followed only the richer ores, which in my opinion marked the line of greatest action, we find that the deposit has a slight dip to the south and an extension in an east and west direction. In the region of Thermal Springs we find points in the zone where the greatest effect is shown on the surface, and yet in depth there is a continuous deposit of vulcanous matter along the line. We think something similar will be found along the line of the Bassick formation. The poor spots in the line of fissure will be marked by pyritic deposit, which if followed will lead to rich ores in depth and laterally. One theory that the boulder deposit is underlaid by a fine fissure formation, is held by those operating the Bassick mine, and strengthened by the daily developments of those prosecuting the work. We do not hesitate to say that in consideration of the immense wealth of the Bossick mine and the indications on the property adjoining, now being developed by the Hemaper Himmel, it has great prospective value well worthy of the present energetic prosecution.

Theo. H. Lowe,
Wm. M Curtis

The above theory appears somewhat clearer now than when it was written in some respects and in others has become modified. For instance the chimney formation is demonstrated almost to a certainty to-day. Mr. Bassick, whilst inclined to underestimate his opportunities and in the habit of

"BETTING ON THE GREEN,"

perhaps too much for the good of his credit, managed this enterprise with great skill. He sold the claim to a combination for $350 000 in cash and $1,000,000 in stock, about one year ago. Mrs. B at once deserted her laundry business to which she was faithful during her husband's reverses and is now a resident of Denver, with an occasional pleasure trip to her early home in Maine. It is said that Mr. B gave her the amount of cash he received and that they occupy a range of rooms at the best hotel, for which the proprietor receives the limited sum of $1,500 per month. Mr. B. is a not unfrequent guest of this section and in cold mornings may be seen with his seal skin overcoat about him, which apparently fits any other man as well as him.

He is a gentleman of leisure, with careless habits, and the "boys" do say that the sporting class are not negligent of his whereabouts, but, on the contrary, when he goes to Denver, a telegram is forwarded to the headquarters of the gambling fraternity there, and the compliment reciprocated when he returns to the "Cliff," and, therefore, he contributes his portion to illumine their pathway, and seems to enjoy it.

The

BASSICK MINING COMPANY

has a capital of $10,000,000 of 100,000 shares, with offices in Colorado and at 44 Wall street, New York City.

The Directors are Messrs. Frank G. Brown, Dennis Ryan, Wm. G. Hoyt, H. Cummins and E. C. Bassick, with Mr. Brown as President and Mr. Cummins Secretary, W. W. Rose Superintendent. The company have taken out a large body of mineral and it is reported that there is several millions in sight.

The main shaft extends to about 240 feet below the surface and with a large chamber at the bottom for engines and other machinery for pumping water and lifting the mineral. There is also a tunnel of about 300 feet in length leading to the said shaft through which the ore bearing rock will be removed to the surface.

To indicate the richness of the deposit and to affirm the prediction of the experts above referred to, it is reported upon the best authority that within the past week a vein has been struck which assays $480,000 in gold to the ton. It is regarded by many as the best mining property known to-day in the State, if not in the world A. Comstock

HOW THE MERCURY WENT UP.

Was it in 1828 or 1829.

At 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon a citizen about 70 years old sat under an awning on Michigan avenue, cool, placid and contented, and the mercury of his feelings down to about 60. He might soon have fallen asleep but along came another old citizen about the same age and stopped for a moment to fan his heated face.

"Purty warm out?" queried the first.

"Well, yes, but if some of these young men who are perspiring around here today had lived in June, 1829, I guess they'd know what hot weather was. I tell you that was a scorcher, and no mistake."

"June, '29 Now, let's see. Aren't you a little off?"

"No, sir; I remember all about it. It was so hot from the 8th to the 25th that men could not work in the fields, and hundreds of cattle died from the heat."

"You are off just a year," said the other, beginning to wake up. "It was in 1828. I remember it, because I ran for office that Fall."

"I can't help about your running for office. I know it was in '29, because I broke my leg that year."

"I don't care if you broke your neck!" exclaimed the other, his mercury raising to 86 degrees at a single jump. "I guess I know what year I ran for office!"

"I say it was in '29 and I've got a diary to prove it!"

"And I've got two diaries to prove it was in '28! You are talking to an old pioneer, sir!"

"And so are you—one who heard the wolves howling before you were born!" Don't imagine that you know it all!"

"What's the dispute?" asked a customer who came out of the store.

"Why, sir, I've been called a liar by that person there!" replied the first. "If he wasn't so old I'd drop him in his tracks."

"And he called me a liar!" shouted the second. "I'm five years older than he is, but if he wants to try any drops on me I'll clear him out of the law I say it was in 1829."

"It wasn't, it was in '28!"

"Look out!"

"Look out yourself!"

"Don't tickle my nose again, or I'll hit you!"

"Don't push me back or I'll do you injury!"

And but for the younger man those two old pioneers would have tackled each other about a hot June which neither probably had correct within five years and which doubtless was a good deal cooler than any other June they ever saw. They started off in different directions to hunt up old diaries and prove each other falsifiers, and in future they won't hitch along for each other on the street cars, won't drink from the same soda fountain if they knew it, and seeing other across the street will growl out:

"There should be a law to prevent such an old liar from running at large!"

Not His Forte.

Galveston News.

A few days ago the keeper of a Galveston restaurant had occasion to discharge a new hand he had employed as a waiter. A rather rough looking customer came in an ordered some dinner. The dishes were set before him, but there was no napkin. "Look here, waiter, I am accustomed to use a napkin when I dine." "Why, I was never more surprised than I am to hear you say so. I didn't suppose you would know what to do with one." He went off to get the napkin. When he got back the customer was gone and the proprietor sent the waiter after him. Up to the time of our going to press neither has returned.

How She Looked.

Into the Royal Academy reception walked a tallish lady, slender, with delightfully fuzzy, ruddy hair, and great gray, solemn-looking eyes sending forth serious glances from under the ruddy hair, tangled very far over the forehead. She was what Mr. Whistler would call a "symphony in yellow." Her satin gown with its long train of lemon color, the front thereof was as of lemons candied into a sparkling condition, and the sleeves were of woven hair, attached here and there with sashes, or belts or girdles stolen from the morning mist. Necklacewise hung jonquils, and diamonds glittered here and there. It was Mlle. Bernhardt, who seemed not at all interested in the brilliant company, but very much in the pictures, especially in Mr. Millais's portrait of Mr. Bright.

Popular Science.

What a Volcano Can Do.

Cotapaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery rocks 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1754 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tungu ragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up the rivers opened new lakes, and, in valleys 1,000 feet wide, made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which in 1837, passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,000,000 cubic feet of solid matter, and in 1793, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1760 Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty four square miles of surface, and measured nearly 1,000,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Sosini, near Nicholosa, a cone of two miles in circumference, and 400 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna in 1810 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption, and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated for 10 years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1660 Etna disgorged more than 20 times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, where similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above the summit. Cotapaxi has projected a block of 100 yards in volume a distance of nine miles; and Sumbawa, in 1845, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles of surface, and out of a population of 12,000 souls, only 20 escaped.

Reaching the Pole in a Balloon.

Commander Cheyne, of the British navy, is still endeavoring to carry out his plan of reaching the North Pole by means of balloons. A London Committee, consisting of the Dean of Westminster, the Master of the Temple, Dr. Vaughan, the Minister of Finance for Canada, and 70 members of Parliament and scientific men, has been formed, and over $7,000 collected towards the purpose of carrying out the new venture, the ultimate cost of which is estimated at $150,000. The proposition is to send out a ship to the farthest attainable point, then to form out side stations by the guidance of which the wind currents could be utilized at various heights as curves of sailing, by which the balloon might reach within more or less practicable distance of the Pole, and the completion of the journey made by such sledging arrangements as could be conveyed by the three or four balloons that would constitute the aerial fleet steering by trailing ropes. By abandoning some of the balloons and the stores, and using their remaining gas to fill completely the one or two balloons by which the return journey to the ship could be accomplished, the party, it is claimed, would be brought back in safety. Commander Cheyne recently laid his plans before the Aeronautical Society of London, and in the discussion which followed, the project was unpooled by such practical aeronauts as Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Simmons.

Silk Culture.

An enterprising lady of New Orleans has done wonders in experimental silk culture. She procured a year ago more than 2 000 eggs of the silk worm, and in a small room at her dwelling house succeeded in hatching out a number of worms. But the greatest obstacle she had to contend with was the difficulty of obtaining food for the worms, as she had no mulberry trees on her grounds. She finally heard of a place which contained many fine specimens of the famous *morus multicaulis*, the owner of which kindly permitted her to take as many leaves as she desired. The lady hired some boys to pick the leaves, and thus procured a sufficiency of food for her pets. She persevered, and succeeded in harvesting over 2,000 fine cocoons. This season she intends to make the experiment on a larger scale, as she has obtained more than 80,000 eggs and will look for a convenient place to hatch them and attend to the worms. She has sent specimens of the cocoons to France, to Italy and to the New Jersey silk manufacturers, and has been rewarded for her industry and perseverance by the high opinion those who have seen these specimens entertain of the Louisiana cocoon. Now that the proper method of hatching the eggs, caring for and attending to the worms is known, it will be strange if more ladies do not take an interest in this valuable industry.

Tobacco and the Eyes.

In the New York *Medical Journal* for April, Dr. E. T. Ely gives the result of his examination of over 100 persons, chiefly cigar makers, with reference to the condition of their eyesight and the influence which the use of tobacco and exposure to its effects incident to their occupation had upon their health. The method followed was to test the vision of each person, then to examine the eyes externally and with the opthalmoscope, then to ask a few general questions about the health, habits etc. As a result of this study and the experience of others, Dr Ely's own impressions are "that tobacco has of itself only a comparatively slight influence in impairing the vision; that working in tobacco is as healthful as most other sedentary occupations; that in certain persons peculiarly susceptible to it, or when combined with other noxious influences, it may impair the vision or the general health, just as has been claimed for it; and that constant contact with it, as with other poisons, may

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

E. M. M., Meadville, W. Va.—We have never heard that the cask was recovered.

GEO. F. H., Oregon, Mo: We regret to say that we do not handle the book named.

THOMAS J. HOLMES, Emerson, Ioa., wan's the address of one Mrs. Emma Holmes or Benj. Holmes.

A. J. N., Danville, Mich.—You may address Capt. J. W. Smith, formerly of the 111th Ohio Inf'y, at Toledo.

H. H., Kimeo, Kan: Henry Carey Baird, Philadelphia, Pa., can supply you with such a book as you want.

ENO, Mt. Vernon, O: It is possible you may obtain such a list as you want by writing to J. M. Farley, Toledo, O.

PHILIP D., Hawley, Pa.—We do not keep the addresses of persons who make inquiries through this department.

GEO. D., Howard Center (no State): We have just published a full explanation of the Credit Mobilier in this department.

REES. EDWARDS, Dublin, O., desires the address of Sergt. Kelley, formerly of the 15th O. Vol. Infy., last heard of in Toledo.

HORACE, Kinnea, Kan: Go into a shop or factory anywhere, and take the place of assistant to some practical engineer.

ROBERT EDWARDS, Central City, Kan., wishes the address of Daniel Dalton, late First Lieutenant in Company A, 5th Ohio Cavalry.

O. E. C., Clarion, Kan: We do not understand that Col. Ingersoll was ever before the people of Illinois, as a candidate for Governor.

H. W. C., Bay, Ill.: 1. Write to D. Appleton & Co., New York. 2. We have published quite recently the platform of all the political parties.

MRS. MARY RAY ROACH, Middleton, D. T., desires to obtain the postoffice address of her brothers and sisters who formerly lived in Ohio.

ISAAC N. TYRRELL, Avery Iowa, desires the address of some of the old soldiers of Company I, 2nd Kansas Infantry, commanded by Col. Cloud.

W. H. SPARKS, Morgan, Mich., wishes the address of Lieut. John F. Couter, Corporal Hiram Felt, and James H. Verner, all of Co. A, 16th O. V. I.

W. J. H., Manchester, Mo.: The "File of Infantrymen" has not yet been published in book form, but it will be. The book will be well illustrated.

REAMER, Woodley's Corners, Ind: Your description of the book you want is so very vague that we can hardly undertake to give its title or publisher.

L. W. J., Malaga, O.: The Southern States, Chelsea, Miss., is doubtless what you want. We do not understand your first question, please repeat it.

ANDER G., Hamilton, Mo.—We have repeatedly stated that Gen. Garfield is a member of the "Church of the Disciples," or Christians, as they are sometimes called.

A. CAMPBELL, Adrian, Minn., desires the address of Dr. Hart, formerly Asst. Surgeon of the 16th Regt., Connecticut Vols., afterward Surgeon of the same regiment.

E. R. HESSMER, Leavenworth, Ind., wishes to learn the whereabouts of Charley Crawford Newton Hinkle and others belonging to Company L, 18th Iowa Cavalry.

JOHN W., Cawker City, Kan., wishes the address of Dr. Joseph Heide, Surgeon of the 58th Ohio Vet. Vol. Infty. The last place he lived in was Brownsville, Green Co., Ohio.

A. G. M., Milan, Mich: The company you name has always done an honest business so far as we aware. The have always met all their contracts with us, and we regard them as reliable.

H. T. G., Osage Mission, Kan.: We have explained both matters that you name in this and other departments of the paper, and do not see the propriety of repeating them. Please see the last two or three issues of the weekly BLADE.

J. F. HANSON, Mill Spring, Mo., wishes the address of Henry G. Verbank, formerly a member of Co. H, 10th Ohio Cav. The last heard from he was sick at Cavalry Corps Hospital, near City Point, Va.

L. T. C., Bristol, Ind: The name of the "Plumed Knight" was applied to Senator Blaine by Col. Ingersoll at Cincinnati in 1876, in the latter's famous speech placing Blaine in nomination for the Presidency.

MARY F. WILLIAMS, Clinton, Iowa, would be pleased to hear from any one knowing the whereabouts of George Richard Williams, sometimes called "Dick." Williams left his home June 7th, and has not since been heard from.

H. W., Marvin, Kan.: We should really like to aid you by publishing your appeal to the public, but should we do so we should simply be opening the gates for a deluge of similar communications and appeals from all parts of the country. You must really excuse us.

W. J. R., Frasers, Ills: The story to which you refer follows history in all its salient points, but so far as the minor details go, it is largely imaginative—that is to say, they are such incidents as might readily happen and did happen constantly during the war in slightly varying details.

JOHN KING, Carolina, Minn., desires the postoffice address of A. L. Call and Sam Conick, formerly of the Waterhouse Battery, Illinois, ex George Palmer, belonging to the Navy. All three prisoners of war in Cahaba, Alabama, in 1864 and 1865, paroled in March, 1865, and taken to Vicksburg, Miss.

A. S., Sutherland, Ill., asks: "Suppose a man takes a homestead, and his children are all married, he does all the law requires, and dies before the five years is out, will his heirs hold his claim, or will it fall back to the government?"—The title may be perfected by his widow or minor heirs.

J. H. K., Sullivan, Ind.: We have no recollection of handling any such books as you name in connection with the BLADE, two or three years ago. It is not possible that you have in mind some advertisement by the publisher of the book in the columns of the BLADE?

WILLIS E. D., Loramies, O.: We do not know any medicine that will remove pimples and other irregularities from the skin, although there are a score that claim to do so. The best aid to their removal is to avoid rich, heating food, butter, fat meats, etc., and to keep the the pores of the skin open by frequent bathing.

D. T. S., Raymond, Kan., says: "I lived on my claim two years and then put on homestead. Now, when I go to make final proof can I date my time back to the time I settled on the land or will it only date back to the time that entry was made?"—If your transfer was properly made, you ought to be able to date back to the time when you first entered the land.

HOWARD C., Thorntown, Ind., asks: "Will some reader of the BLADE give me a receipt for making a reliable cement suitable for putting in the glass ends and sides of an iron aquarium, something impervious to water and harmless to the fish?"—The ink is hardly dry on the directions for making an aquarium, which we published in this department of the paper two weeks ago, in answer to a correspondent.

J. H. A., Toledo, O., and others.—Not even the plea that you are "almost out of paper" can be accepted as an excuse for sending us communications written on both sides of the sheet. In the first place it is contrary to our repeatedly published rule, in the second place it is contrary to the rule of every other publication that appears oftener than once a month, and in the third place we don't propose to have it. Other reasons might be adduced if necessary.

R. C. C., Gordonsville, Ioa: The wages of a pilot on the Ohio and Mississippi vary somewhat with individual skill and experience, and include "board and lodging." As to "learning the river," you will have to arrange that with some pilot, who will take you as an apprentice. Perhaps you may be able to pay for your instruction with your services after a little time.

MRS. J. M. EASTERLING, Nickleville, Va., desires to learn particulars of the death and burial of her husband, Stephen Kilgour (?) who died on an hospital boat at Milliken Bend, La., in 1864. Mr. K. had with him at the time various personal effects contained in a trunk. We give his name as we read it, although the illegibility of the writing makes it difficult to reproduce with any assurance of accuracy.

M. J., Silver Lake, Kan., asks: "Can there not be some way devised to make the couplings of cars less dangerous?"—At least 500 people thought they had solved this problem, and have taken out patents on their inventions. So far, we know of none that has ever proved sufficiently practical to warrant its adoptions. Hundreds of bright, shrewd inventors are constantly turning over the subject in their minds, and probably some one may hit it yet.

G. W., Lewis (no State): The conditions on which old subscribers can have the Garfield portrait are very simple, and have been given in every issue of the BLADE for the past four weeks. Send 50 cents, and state in your letter that it is for a three months extension of your present subscription and a Garfield portrait. You say you live in a "God-forgotten State." How can you expect the Divine Being to remember your State when you yourself forget it?

W. M. I., Hagerstown, Ill.: It is one of the elemental rules of grammar that distributive nouns, pronouns and adjectives and pronouns are always followed by a verb in the singular. Hence it would be manifestly correct to say "Everybody is invited," "Each man is responsible to his own conscience," etc., etc. The reason why we object to answering questions of this character as a rule is that they are answered in the ordinary text books on grammar, which are within the reach of every reader.

SAMUEL MILLER, Le Grand, Neb., wishes to learn the address of Crosby Carlton, who was a soldier during the war of the rebellion was a member of Co. I, 7th Regt. Pa. Vol. Reserve Corps, taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., on the 5th day of May, 1864, was in Andersonville and Florence Prisons, and was paroled on or about 13th of December, 1864. Also the whereabouts of John G. Buckley, who was in Andersonville Prison during July and August, 1864, and was taken to hospital about the last of August.

J. A., Valley Station, Pa.—The Legislature of Ohio never appropriated any money to pay the alleged damages to the property of her citizens by the Morgan raid. Various bills looking to the appropriation of money for this purpose were presented in the Legislature, but the claims grew rapidly in numbers and amount, many of them passed into the hands of speculators, and in a short time the claims grew to such extravagant sums that they speedily fell into disrepute.

J. A. K., Brackney, Pa., asks: "1. Have the Democrats the majority in both Houses of Congress? 2. Did Grant go to Richmond by the same route as McClelland undertook?"—1. Yes. 2. He did not. Grant, it should be said in the beginning, never went to Richmond at all. McClellan's route was by the way of Yorktown up the Peninsula. Grant took the Rappahannock route, crossing the rivers in succession, and finally forced the evacuation of Richmond by extending his left flank beyond Lee's right.

L. G. D., Eau Claire, Wis., writes: "I have just received copies of your paper of the 1st and 8th inst., and cannot refrain from expressing my sentiments in regard to it. My opinion is, in substance, the same as some thousands of others in this county, *i. e.*, that you have done in the past and are doing at this moment more for the success of the Republican party and for the perpetuation of republican government than any other paper in the field. May success attend you, for if ever paper deserved success you do."

J. T. M., Lincoln, Tenn., asks: "When will the next apportionment for members of Congress be made, and have you learned yet how many more Congressmen there will be since than before the census?"—The next apportionment for Congressmen will not affect the 47th Congress, since it will not be made before the final completion of the census. As the figures are not yet definitely determined, of course it will be impossible to ascertain just where the increase of Congressmen will be. This much, however, can be estimated from figures already in—that the relative strength of the Northern and Southern States will be changed in favor of the former.

EXPRESS, Toledo, O., asks: "1. Is there any law prohibiting advertising with the American flag? 2. If so, does this law include all American flags, or just the property of the United States? 3. Would the names of Garfield and Arthur on our flag be a violation of the law? 4. Is there a law prohibiting the stars and bars floating in the breeze in our country?"—1. Such a law was proposed in Congress, but was never passed. 2. It was designed to include all American flags. 3. No. 4. The law never took any cognizance of this emblem of treason, but it would hardly be safe or advisable to display it in any of the Northern States.

B. E. C., Lewisville, Or., asks: "Will Gen. Garfield resign his Senatorship prior to the Presidential election?"—He will not, for the excellent reason that he does not take his seat in the Senate till March 4, 1880. He is still a member of the House, but as Congress is not in session, and his term will expire in any event on the 4th of March next, and Congress will not re-assemble till after the Presidential election, there would be no especial pertinency in his resignation. The Democratic candidate, on the other hand, is holding the position of Major General in the United States army, and his resignation would be more appropriate.

W. A. L., Georgetown, Colo., asks: "1. Please mention the different rates of interest for which the Government is issuing bonds now, and the length of time before they mature. 2. Are there any six per cent bonds obtainable now?"—1. The Government is not issuing any bonds at present, the latest being the 4½ and 4 per cents, which were offered at par and accrued interest, and which now sell at 109¼@110 and 108@108¾ respectively. 2. There are 6 per cent. bonds obtainable now, but owing to the fact that they mature in 1881, they have no especial value as an investment. The same is true of some $300,000,000 of the 5 per cent. bonds, known as the funded loan of 1881, which is redeemable after May 1 of next year.

W. L. S., Elkhart, Ill: The "trouble between Wallace and Randall," was simply a contest between two prominent Pennsylvania politicians for the control of the Democratic vote of the State in convention. These little disagreements are not uncommon among politicians, and generally die away after one party or the other has gained his point. 2. We explained last week what was meant by the Credit Mobilier. 3. The Geneva Award bill was the bill providing for the distribution of the $15,000,000 awarded by the Geneva Conference to American vessel owners on account of losses sustained through the rebel privateers fitted out in English ports, and allowed to go out upon the high seas through the negligence and with the implied permission of the British Government.

S. W., Toledo, O., writes: If you are not tired of the plank question, permit me to give you an easier and plainer rule than I have yet seen for the measurement of the wedge shaped piece which causes all the difficulty. Place the wedge piece on one of its triangular edges as a base; obtain the area of this base, which is seen at once to be 9 inches. To obtain the average height of the block add the length of the three edges and divide by 3; you will find it to be 8 inches. Lastly, multiply the area of the base by the average hight and the product is 72 inches or 6 feet. I will add that it is not necessary at all to divide the plank as has been done generally by your correspondents. The following rule will answer: Add the area of the two ends to four times the area of the mid-section and divide by 6; then multiply by the length and you have this result: Average area, 13 inches, multiplied by 18 feet, product 195 feet.

H. G. M., Paola, Kan., asks: "Did Gen. Garfield draw any back pay accruing to him from the salary act?"—As we have previously stated Gen Garfield did draw his back pay under the salary act, but subsequently returned it all to the Treasury. This was the only course which he could pursue so as to dispose finally and effectually of his extra pay. The salary grab act was passed by the 42d Congress just prior to its adjournment on the 4th of March, 1873. A letter from the Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, Mr. J. K. Upton, dated at the Treasury Department June 22, 1880, says Gen. Garfield's back pay was returned to the 22d of April in the same year. Mr. Upton says in his letter addressed to a gentleman in Iowa who sought information on the subject, "I have to inform you that it appears from the records of this office that the sum of $4,548 was deposited to the credit of the Treasurer of the United States in the name of James A. Garfield on account of retroactive increase of salary, on the 22d of April, 1873, and that this amount was covered into the Treasury by miscellaneous covering warrant No. 704, second quarter, 1873, and can not be withdrawn except by act of Congress."

LOYALIST, Sheridan, Mich., asks: "1. Will you send the Garfield portrait to old subscribers, and if so, on what terms? 2. Will the next Congress (not next session) be apportioned according to the new census? 3. Is the question still open as to how the electoral vote shall be counted, and if so, what is to prevent the Brigadier Generals from 'Garcelonizing'? 4. Is there a law to render a person ineligible to Congress on account of physical weakness or deformity? 5. Would a man in any State, who is living in known crime, as bigamy or adultery, be allowed to hold a seat in Congress? 6. Is a bigamist legally liable to prosecution for adultery?"—1. Yes Any old subscriber will be entitled to a copy of the Garfield portrait by sending us fifty cents for a three months' extension of his present subscription. All that is necessary is to specify distinctly that the money is to be credited on the current subscription and for a Garfield portrait. 2. Yes. 3. It is. Just prior to adjournment, the bill to establish a method for making the electoral count was postponed till the reassembling of Congress in December. The only way to prevent "Garcelonizing" is to avoid anything which might afford the shadow of an excuse for a claim of irregularity or technical defect in the elections, and to make the Republican majorities so overwhelming as to leave the Brigadiers without possible pretext for interfering with the execution of the popular will. 4. There is not, so far as we are aware. 5. It seems that delegates from Utah, who were known bigamists, have been allowed to retain seats in Congress. 6. He would be legally liable to prosecution for bigamy. At common law adultery is not an indictable offense. In many of the United States, adultery is made criminal by special statute, but in many more it is not criminal.

MRS. M. J. G., Parsons, Kan.: You say you do not understand why it is that communications which seem to possess more than ordinary literary merit have no pecuniary value in a newspaper office. Let us try and make it a little clearer to you. In the first place every newspaper office in the country is flooded with letters, poems, stories, sketches, etc., etc. They are of all degrees of merit in style, orthography and composition, yet to each individual writer they seem to be nearly if not quite perfect. Three quarters of this matter is not worth more than its weight for newspaper rags, and fully three quarters of the remainder has no pecuniary value whatever. Of all the poetry that is sent to a newspaper office not one piece in ten conforms to the elemental rules of poetic composition, to say nothing whatever of the utter absence of the subtler element of poetic thought. Many people who write single or even occasional "pieces" for publication have no idea whatever of the rigorous and exacting competion of the literary field, nor do they comprehend that a story, or sketch, or poem does not have any pecuniary value, simply because it is a story, sketch or poem, nor because it includes a certain number of pages, and represents a certain amount of mental and manual labor. The man who chops a cord of wood or husks a load of corn is sure of a fixed and definite reward for his labor. It may not be large, but it has no element of hazard in it, and his compensation is moderately certain. But the man who spends his time in the production of a story or a poem, has done nothing which gives him any claim against the publisher or the public, unless the public happens to want his work, a matter of constantly varying uncertainty.

Mournful Incident.

The Empress Eugenie proceeded on foot into the South African Valley where her son's body was found, following precisely the track taken by the officers who went in search of the corpse. The road was stony and rough, but she persisted in walking. In the distance gleamed the white monument, thrown into sharp relief by the dark background, but it only seemed to catch the eye of the Empress when she got to the bank of the donga. Then she lifted her hands as if in supplication toward heaven, the tears poured over her cheeks, worn with sorrow and vigils, she spoke no word and uttered no cry, but sank slowly on her knees. A French priest repeated the prayers for the dead, and the servant, Lomas, who had been an eye-witness, went through the sad story of what had happened last year. The tents were pitched in the valley, and the Empress stayed there for two days. On the following day she went to Fort Napoleon, and thence to Rorke's Drift, and on the fifth day visited the field of Isandula, and prayed there with the Englishwomen who had come there to mourn their husbands and brothers.

Falstaff to the Bartender.

R. W. Criswell, in the Petroleum World.

Fal. Bardolph, I say!
Bard. Here, sir.
Fal. Go brew me a quart of sack, thou dog.
Bard. With an egg, sir?
Fal. Aye, with a goose egg!
Bard. And strong?
Fal. Strong as a steam pump puller.
With alcohol, red pepper and gun cotton.
And with nitro-glycerine, thou mangy one!
Make it to rise up and seize a man
By the throat like a fierce Numidian lion!
Have I lived to be carried in a basket
And thrown into the Thames, begad?
If I be served such another trick
I'll have my brains ta'en out
And replaced with apple sass.
The rogues slighted me into the river
With as little remorse as they should
Had I run with the main chance in politics.
I should have drowned but that the shore
Was shelvy and I'm tallest when I'm down.
And it's a death I do abhor,
For, know you, it swells a man so,
Ahr what a David Davis I would be
If I were swelled.

The Difference.

Cleveland Herald.

All hail the Union soldier who fought the battles of his country; who said by his sword that this is a nation and not a Confederation of States. For this we give him praise and honor, but when he recants it all by endorsing all that his enemy had claimed he is no loner a Union soldier, but a scheming politician, whose latter days have taken away the glory won by his sword under the flag of his country.

No Sulkers.

Inter-Ocean.

The Republican party and its candidates will have no more eloquent and earnest advocates in the coming campaign than the old stand bys of the party who were numbered among the supporters of General Grant. They believe in the rule of the majority, and are not the kind that kick in the dash-board or sulk in their tents in the hour of danger.

The Mississippi.

Cincinnati Commercial.

After all, Garfield is in favor of the Mississippi River, and that should be a comfort to the statesmen of the Southwest, who are wasting their lives on impracticable plans. The Mississippi would, however, bear a great deal of judicious letting alone.

Need Not Flatter Themselves.

Buffalo Commercial.

The Democrats need not flatter themselves that Senator Conkling is going to Europe, for he is not going to take any such trip. After a short rest he proposes to go into the campaign, and as usual, will give his Democratic opponents a lively bout of it.

The Sunday School.

The Call of Abram.

LESSON 5, SUNDAY, AUGUST 4, 1880.

GOLDEN TEXT.—In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.—Gen. 12: 3.

LESSON TEXT.

Gen. 11: 31, 32; 12: 1-10.

11: 31. And Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter-in-law, his son Abram's wife; and they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canan; and they came unto Haran, and dwelt there. 32. And the days of Terah were two hundred and five years; and Terah died in Haran. 12: 1. Now the Lord had said unto Abram, get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee: 2. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing. 4. And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed. 4 So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him; and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran. 5. And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canan, and into the land of Canan they came. 6. And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Cananite was then in the land. 7. And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land, and there builded he an altar unto the Lord who appeared unto him. 8. And he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east Bethel, and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west, and Hai on the east; and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord. 9. And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the South. 10. And there was a famine in the land, and Abram went down into Egypt to sojourn there; for the famine was grievous in the land.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Then went forth (v. 31.)—Home is the best place in the world to be in when one belongs there. It is a very poor place to be in when one belongs somewhere else. Going forth out of one's home is the plainest of duties—when God makes it a plain duty. It may be that going away to boarding-school is a young person's duty; it may be that it is going out to service, or going off to begin a business life, or going off in search of health, or going as a young bride. In whatever form it comes, the call of God. If that call says, "Go forth," the best thing that one can do is to go.

Unto a land that I will shew thee (v. 1.)—When one does leave home, it ought to be to go where God tells him to go. Whether it is to school or to business, or to a place of health, or to a married life, it is not a safe venture unless God has pointed the path of duty thitherward. Yet young persons, and older ones, are less apt to rely on God's direction than on man's for a new home. God, however, stands ready to show to every child of his, the place he would have him occupy. There is a land on earth as well as a home in heaven, for every believer in Jesus—a land of privilege and of duty. If you want to know where your land is, God will show it to it to you, if you ask his guidance, and trustfully follow as he leads. But you may have to cross sea and wilderness to reach it; and to live on a daily supply of manna as you journey. Are you ready for that?

I will . . . make thy name great (v. 2.)—The only sure greatness is that which God gives. Many a man tries to make his own name great, but does not succeed. He who seeks fame is not sure of fame; nor is he sure of God's favor, which is better than fame. But he who seeks God's favor can be sure of that; and God can give him fame besides; will give it to him if it is best for him to have it. Abraham's place and name in heaven are more to be desired than Abraham's best place and name on earth. Every one who has Abraham's faith can share Abraham's heavenly possessions. The thing most to the credit of Abraham is that he was called "the Friend of God." Jesus says to you and to me, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Thou shalt be a blessing—If one must choose, it is better to be a blessing than to have a blessing. And one commonly has to choose. When money comes into one's hand's, the question is, shall I use this for my comfort, or for some one else? And the same is true in influence, in the use of time, in the sphere of married life, of friendship, of church privileges; the question recurs continually, shall I try to get a blessing out of this, or to be a blessing? It is true that when one tries to be a blessing he often finds that he also has a blessing; but not if he is after the blessing. You have had a great many blessings; you have asked God for a great many. Have you been a blessing in the world? Is it your daily prayer that you may be? The promises of Abraham may be ours through faith. Let us plead unturningly this promise, that we shall prove a blessing to others.

There he builded an altar . . . and called upon the name of the Lord (v. 8.)—Abram was not content with going or staying as the Lord told told him to, and having the Lord's presence and guidance all the time. He wanted the privileges of a special place of worship; and he counted it his duty to have it. There being no churches where he stopped on his journeys, he built them—a substitute for them. And that is the spirit of every true child of God. Those persons who have so much religion that they have no need to go to church regularly, or to pray statedly and formally, are ordinarily persons whose religion does not show itself out of the church any more than in it. The man who says that he can worship equally well anywhere—in one place just as well as in another—is commonly the man who worships nowhere. The man who is nearest to God in his daily life is commonly the man who seeks God most earnestly in the closet and in the sanctuary. It is not devoutest child of God who puts the lowest value on the place and the season of special prayer and worship.

Going on still (v. 9.)—God's children are not likely to find their first stopping place, nor their second, nor their tenth, their place of final rest. "Going on still" is as much a duty as starting at the first call of God. And just here is where the test of faith comes. It is comparatively easy to begin a good work; the trouble is in keeping at it; and yet more in having to start over and over again. But there is no other way. New recruits are commonly readier for a battle than old soldiers—who know all about fighting. But the true old soldier is worth more than the recruit when he is fairly in the fight. "O dear!" said a zealous and conscientious old citizen, who always did his duty in a political campaign, "how many times I's thought my hard work in that line was at an end. But just as I was going to sit down to rest, up would come another crisis and I'd have to off coat and go at it again." What if you did a good work yesterday, and have walked untiringly from the beginning of your Christian race until now? Are you "going on still?" That is the practical question.

There was a famine in the land (v. 10)—Even when God's children are in the path of duty, they are called to meet obstacles and privations. Famine and pestilence and war and shipwreck often stare the believer in the face when he is moving in the very way God told him to go. A railroad train is not safe against collision from having a goodly man or woman on board. Nor is a region sure of good crops because a devoted missionary has just come there. Sickness and death may meet one's loved child in the very place of summer resort which was sought with prayer and faith as the home of health to that darling. What does it all mean? You don't know. Possibly, if you should go and ask Jesus he would answer you as he did one of his over-curious disciples of old: "What is that to thee; follow thou me." But of one thing we may be sure: "All things"—famine and accident and disappointment and sickness and death included—"work together for good to them that love God;" and if we love God, we need never fear that there is any mistake in his providence.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

A Compliment for "Bob Ingersoll."

Whitehall Review, July 1.

An infidel colonel of volunteers, named Robert Ingersoll, is making the warm weather in New York much warmer by delivering a series of Sunday evening lectures at a theatre in which religion is ridiculed and attacked with scarcely any limit of epithet and imagery. The gallant colonel boasts that he has defied the Almighty for years and has never been harmed by him. This reminds me of the reply made at the Savage Club by an exclergymen named Barton to poor Tom Robertson who was indulging in a somewhat similar style of idle talk. "You forget, Tom," said Barton, "that the Almighty is capable of infinite contempt as well as of infinite justice."

Garfield and Hancock.

Cincinnati Gazette.

Garfield's soldier part is equal to the soldier part of Hancock, and there is a great deal of Garfield besides the soldier division.

Frank Hurd's Alarm.

Chicago Times, (Ind.)

Let us see. If the houses refuse to count the votes of any Electors appointed by Legislatures, they will throw out the eight votes returned from Louisiana, whose eight electors will be appointed by the Legislature of that province This will reduce the votes from the solid South from 138 to 130. It will also reduce the whole number of Electoral votes from 369 to 361, making the number necessary to a choice 181 instead of 185 The hope of electing the Cincinnati candidate rests on the claim of the solid South votes, the New York votes, and the Indiana votes. Throwing out the "unconstitutional" votes of the eight Louisiana Electors, the number of these would be as follows;

Solid South	135
New York	35
Indiana	15
Total	180

Perhaps to the Toledo statesman it may seem an easy matter to get the one additional necessary vote. But to the Times it does not look, by any means, like an easy matter to get so near as that to the hoped for goal, even without throwing out any "unconstitutional" votes from Louisiana.

Perhaps, however, the Toledo statesman will reconsider his "settler" when he is made acquainted with the fact that the Presidential Electors in Louisiana are to be appointed by the Legislature.

Sammy's Italian Band.

Detroit Post and Tribune, (Rep.)

Tilden was determined that none of his special riva's should get the nomination, and they all failed Bayard. Thurman and Hendricks and all the Democratic leaders were defeated.

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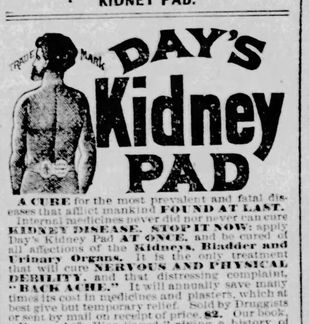

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TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1880.

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Circulation This Week, 85,000.

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The increase of the BLADE for the current week is far beyond our most sanguine anticipations. We print of the present issue 85,000 copies, an increase of 4,000 over the issue of last week, which, according to our recent experience, fell short of the demand. As a means of keeping abreast with the best thought of the country, in news, politics and general intelligence, the BLADE to day stands without an equal in the country. To all thinking Republicans, it commends itself on its owe merits. If any of our friends have any doubt of this, all that we ask is that they will compare the BLADE carefully with any of the other campaign papers of the country. But, we desire that the BLADE should go not only into the hands of Republicans, but also into the hands of those who ought to be Republicans, but are not. We especially aim to make the BLADE a missionary paper, and ask the cooperation of all our friends to this end. They that are whole do not need a physician, but they that are politically sick. To all who are afflicted with the maladies of States Rights, Inflation of the Currency, and similar maladies, the BLADE comes with healing on its wings. But people who are sick will never get well unless they take the medicine suitable to their respective cases. We ask our Republican friends everywhere to see that the medicine is prescribed, and that it is taken by the patients.

THEY say FORNEY is to receive $5,000 for his life of HANCOCK. He always did get fancy price for his services.

THE General and Mrs. GRANT will shortly visit the General and Mrs. GARFIELD at their home in Mentor.

FOR SIX successive Presidential elections the Democrats have never failed to claim Pennsylvania "with confidence," and have never failed to be victims of misplaced confidence.

ANOTHER 10,000 of our GARFIELD portraits, go out to day, to make as many subscribers happy. Those who have ordered and not yet received the portrait may rest assured that their turn will come very soon, and need to be patient only a few days longer.

CAPT R. P. CRAWFORD, one of the sufferers from the collapse of the United Service Petroleum and Mining Company, of which Gen. HANCOCK was President, says that there was $70,000 cash divided among the officers of the company, and that if Gen. HANCOCK did not get some of it he was a fool—if he did he was a knave. This is pretty plain talk, but shows how the matter is viewed by those who knew the inside of that affair.

THIS week's BLADE contains another instalment of "Around Cape Horn," which the readers of the BLADE have heretofore found so interesting. It is as charming a series of sketches as any paper ever laid before its readers, and they have attracted a wide spread attention and commendation. Every one will regret when the fair writer gets to her journey's end.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION FRAUDS.

It will be remembered that among other bills affecting the United States election laws, which the Democrats attempted to pass at the late session of Congress, was one to reorganize the force of United States Commissioners and Supervisors of elections. One clause of the bill proposed to remove all such Supervisors now holding office, a blow aimed directly at JOHN I. DAVENPORT, of New York, a gentleman whom the Democrats hate with a most cordial and wholly unalloyed enmity. Just why is very evident since the taking of testimony before the Wallace Investigating Committee was begun in New York. On Saturday Mr. DAVENPORT appeared before the Committee, Messrs WALLACE, MCDONALD, HOAR and BLAINE being present and proceeded to unfold a tale which made the Democratic Senators squirm in their seats as though they were too hot for July comfort.

Mr. DAVENPORT'S testimony covered the whole range of naturalization frauds for the 10 years from 1868 to 1878, although his observations had preceded the earlier date at least two years. The figures which he gives in his testimony, all taken from the records of the Supreme, Superior and Common Pleas Courts, are of the most astounding character. The year 1868 seems to have been marked by the largest frauds, and in this year alone 64,000 fraudulent certificates of naturalization were issued, fully 20,000 of which were not even recorded. These frauds began in 1866, in the Court of Common Pleas, but were finally transferred to the Superior and Supreme Courts. These two courts during the fall and winter of 1868-69 issued from 30,000 to 40,000 certificates per month, and even then the records are incomplete.

Soon after his appointment as chief Supervisor of New York Mr. DAVENPORT began the work of unearthing these frauds, and issue a cautionary notice to all persons holding these certificates. His investigations were continued in 1874 to 1876, and in the latter year a notice was issued to the Assistant Supervisors to challenge every person who appeared for the purpose of registering on the certificates of 1868. Sufficient information had by this time been gathered to place every holder of these certificates on the defensive, and enable the Government to make a thorough test of their validity. For a few days in the Spring of 1878, a committee appointed by Tammany appeared, at Mr. DAVENPORT'S request, to co-operate with him in the investigations he was then conducting, but they shortly afterward withdrew and issued circulars warning holders of these certificates against the Government Supervisors. Notwithstanding this, between two and three thousand persons appeared before Mr. DAVENPORT, surrendered their false certificates, and explained how they got them. Many of these, although from 40 to 60 years of age when they arrived in this country, had been naturalized as minors—that is, without requiring them to declare their intentions beforehand, as the law requires.

The details of this system of open and unblushing violation of law are in many cases almost beyond belief. In both 1867 and 1868 certificates in blank with the seal of the Court and Clerk's signature attached, were freely issued. Other certificates were issued in the names of fictitious persons, and many certificates of all kinds were made out and signed in good hand writing by witnesses who at the present time are actually unable to write at all. Many of the witnesses were persons who acted in a "professional" capacity, and spent their entire time at the Courts to which they were permanently attached. In one month a hundred of these professional witnesses signed their names to the certificates of more than 20,000 applicants. In 1868, Marshal MURRAY, of New York, having reason to believe that this kind of work was going on, sent a number of fictitious names to the Democratic Central Committee and in a few hours obtained certificates of naturalization for all the parties given, at a cost of $2 each. Not only did this work of making citizens go on in New York, but numbers were delivered in the adjacent counties of Westchester, Putnam, Orange and Rockland. The work was even extended to New Jersey, and a contract to supply 3,000 certificates to go to Connecticut only failed to be carried out because the bogus documents were captured by the police in a New York liquor store.

These are only sample facts picked at random out of the great mass of corruption. They go to show more clearly than the most elaborate argument, why New York City is Democratic. The present Democratic majority in the Senate deserve the thanks of New York and of the whole country for their determination to bring these frauds to the light, through the investigations of the Wallace Committee. By all means let the good work go on!

A NEW department has been added to the BLADE, which we are quite sure will be as attractive and profitable to our readers as the other departments have been. It will be devoted to science, with a special direction to that which is applicable to the affairs of every day life, rather than that which is theoretical and as yet unapplied to any useful purpose. The department will be carefully edited by a gentleman of regular scientific education, who will give it unwearied care, to make it present a complete *resume* of the latest discoveries in science, and to prevent the introduction of the false or misleading statements that make too many of the so-called scientific departments of papers and periodicals worse than worthless. The department will be found in the 7th and 8th columns of the Second Page.

GARFIELD clubs all over the country, are sending in their orders for the BLADE for campaign purposes. They find that a little money used in this way, never fails to produce better results than any other campaign expenditure. We are prepared to make special rates to clubs on the BLADE by the hundred copies, and should like to have Secretaries and others interested put themselves in communication with us.

The announcement of the new "Nasby Campaign Pamphlets" elsewhere given will be of interest to all our readers. They are full of the richest campaign fun.

THE INDIANA CAMPAIGN.

The Republicans of Indiana have begun their boom. From all indications, it promises to sweep the State with such a wave of enthusiasm and earnestness as will submerge the entire Democratic party in November and remove Indiana wholly from the list of so-called "doubtful" States. The return of Hon. A. G. PORTER, late First Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, and now Republican candidate for Governor of the Hoosier State, was made the starting point of the campaign, and on Wednesday evening he was met en route by a committee of prominent Republicans who escorted him to Indianapolis. Mr. PORTER'S first speech was made at Richmond, where some 2,000 people had assembled to meet him. He urged upon his hearers the importance of the campaign and the necessity of individual effort to secure success. The race was not a race of candidates; it was a race of the people, for the people's best interests. He assured his friends that he should feel unworthy their support if he did not feel that the success of the cause was far above any individual victory. He pictured in a few bold strokes the growth and progress of the Republican party, and closed with an eloquent tribute to the various party leaders who had been presented to the convention at Chicago. From Richmond to Indianapolis the party was drawn by special train, and thousands of people, irrespective of party, were in waiting to greet him on his arrival at Indianapolis. At the depot he was welcomed cordially by his old friends and neighbors, and again at his residence, where the greetings were of an eminently social character. In the evening a procession was formed to escort the prospective Governor to the Wigwam, where fully 15,000 people gathered to hear him make a formal opening of his canvass. The speech of the evening fills a closely printed page of the Indianapolis *Journal* and is a most able presentation of the issues of the campaign. The speaker showed forcibly that the policy of the Democracy, should they succeed in getting into power was to secure ascendency in the Senate by subdividing Texas, to invalidate the constitutional amendments, and to increase the number of judges of the Supreme Court, placing the controlling power of that tribunal in Democratic hands. The was is already prepared by the Southern Democrats to annul the results of the War, and with the power once in their hands, the desired result will soon be attained.

Taken as a whole the campaign in Indiana opens under most favorable circumstances. The people are fully awake to the importance of the October election, and fully determined on a thorough organization and unremitting effort. With this feeling abroad throughout the State success is virtually certain, and Indiana Republicans it may be predicted, will have no reason to be ashamed of their record the coming Fall.

HANCOCK'S DILEMMA.

It will not suffice for Gen. HANCOCK'S friends to treat the charge that he intended to "pronounce" for TILDEN in 1877, as an invention of his political opponents for campaign purposes. There is a great effort to do this now, and some of the so-called "Independent" papers are complimenting him upon his "most excellent discretion in declining to notice or refute such malignant falsehoods."

These people forget the one sovereign fact in the matter, which is that it was first made public by Gen. HANCOCK'S own friends, and played by them as a trump to secure his nomination. At the time that Mr. ATKINS and Gen. "BALDY" SMITH stated that Gen. HANCOCK had definitely promised to recognize only Mr. TILDEN as the legal President of the United States after midnight of March 3, 1877, they supposed they were stating something that would commend him to the people of the country. Their moral obtuseness—which is evidently characteristic of them and their class of which Gen. HANCOCK is the head—led them to think that such contemplated violence to every precept and tradition of American politics would be regarded with as much favor by the people at large as it had been by the influential Democrats of the Cincinnati Convention. Their astonishment at finding that proposal to inaugurate Mexican ization by one of our high military commanders viewed with general horror, is a ludicrous exhibition of their lamentable confusion of ideas in regard to right and wrong.

GEN. HANCOCK is not asked to contradict what Republican papers have said on the subject. He is asked, however, and in stentorian tones, to deny, a limit or explain what has been claimed for him by one who is regarded as one of his nearest friends,—Gen. "BALDY" SMITH. It is beyond dispute that Gen. SMITH stated to the Democratic managers at Cincinnati that Gen. HANCOCK had agreed to "pronounce" for TILDEN; it is asserted with equal possitiveness by a man high in the Democratic Sanhedrim that that statement had much weight in determining the choice of the candidate.

It is these allegations of his best and nearest friends that Gen. HANCOCK is called upon to meet, and he is reduced to the unpleasant alternative of admitting his contemplated treason or of denouncing Messrs. SMITH and ATKINS as liars. We wish him joy of either horn of the dilemma.

How many copies of the BLADE are taken at your postoffice, reader? Can you not double the number by a little personal effort. We mean *you*, friend, under whose eye this paragraph may chance to fall, and not your neighbor in the next township.

CHICAGO says St. Louis does not grow, and the reason is because she has cast her lot in with the Southern States, and the consequence will be that she will vegetate and decay like other Southern cities.

MEMPHIS is rejoicing that thus far, with the exception of a case or two imported from New Orleans, she has been free from yellow fever. There is time enough yet, however, although her danger has been diminished nine-tenths by her sanitary improvements.

"THE GARFIELD portrait is superb," writes a campaign subscriber. "It is the finest thing of the kind I ever saw," says another. "As fine as a photograph," declares a third. Anybody can have one by sending 50 cents for the BLADE three months.

BEECHER'S SUNDAY SERMON.

The Fourth of July sermon of HENRY WARD BEECHER drew forth such a flood of comment upon his secession from orthodoxy that he found it necessary to preach another last Sunday, defining his position upon several important questions, such as the inspiration of the Bible, the sinfulness of men, the Trinity, Atonement, and Retribution. This he did preparatory to starting off upon his Summer vacation, leaving his parishioners and the world to reflect upon his utterances until October. Inasmuch as Mr. BEECHER has been a pulpit leader, the most prominent in the country for years, his opinions are entitled to some notice. He has been a ministerial god to so large a class of people for so many years that any change in his belief must produce a wide-spread influence.

Without entering into a lengthy discussion of his sermon, it is sufficient to say, first of all, that Mr. BEECHER absolutely denies having taken up liberal and infidel positions. How he can make some of his past utterances exactly tally with this declaration is a conundrum which the BLADE cannot guess, but possibly he may be able to do so.

He has most skilfully beaten around the bush with regard to his belief in the inspiration of the Bible. Stripped of an undergrowth of beautiful words and graceful sentences, the simple truth is that he regards it as a record of history, to be studied as history; that it "was not an immediate and complete gift of God to man, but was the growth of ages. It was written by different hands, in different languages, with centuries of interval between part and part, and that the chief substance of its truth was conveyed by Divine mind to the human mind in the way in which God ordinarily imparts the truth—through human experience." In other words, he believes it to be as inspired as the record of any other physical or scientific truths of any age is inspired. He values it because it contains the highest moral truths, and enables man to know evil and shun it, to know good and follow it.

His idea of man's original sinfulness when simmered down does not differ much from DARWIN'S theory of development. Man is born entirely without moral sense, which is the product of after growth.

His explanation of the Trinity is decidedly misty, but it is probably all right. The BLADE don't feel quite up on that question. As to the Divinity of CHRIST he does not insist upon a technical adhesion to the fact, but upon obedience to CHRIST'S precepts, and all the homage to his character of which the soul is capable. He thinks that sin is to be punished.

Whether these utterances will satisfy the Church in which he is a teacher remains to be seen. The sermon reads well, and outsiders will believe Mr. BEECHER is just as good as if he were entirely orthodox, only there will be a lurking feeling that he is not thoroughly honest. Those who believe an unqualified adherence to the tenets of the Church necessary to a good life and Christian influence will be disappointed in the great preacher, unless they accept the surface meaning of his sermon, and let the rest go.

POSSESST OF A DEVIL.

South Bend, Ind., makes her contribution to the scanty news of the dull Midsummer, in the shape of a "woman who hath devils." Were we to believe the testimony of hen-pecked husbands women of this kind are unpleasantly numerous in every community, but usually they do not manifest their satanic characteristics outside of the family circle. The South Bend woman is a "married person," and comes from "the fair land of Poland," along with a husband, whose name is marked with the unhappy redundency of consonants peculiar to names in that distracted country. The symptoms manifested by the lady are not described with the fulness that we would like, but they are sufficient to convince Father CZYZEWSKI,—the Polish priest of the church—that she is like the the daughter of the woman of Canaan, who was "greviously vext with a devil." He has already made several tests to confirm this view, and so far they have demonstrated the correctness of his conclusions beyond a doubt. The one upon which he placed most reliance was the interrogation of the woman in language unknown to her, when, if she were really possessed, the demoniacal inhabitant of her frame, who seems to be a marvel of linguistic erudition, would cause a correct answer to be given in the woman's native tongue. Why the devil should give himself away in this simple fashion is incomprehensible to us. It is wholly inconsistent with his usual reputation for a shrewdness far exceeding even that of a Philadelphia lawyer.

Father CZYZEWSKI, having fully satisfied himself of the presence of the Arch-Enemy of Souls, by propounding to the lady a long list of questions in Latin, to which she, who knows not a word of that tongue, returned very correct answers in Polish, has sent for Father FERRE, a French priest, whom long residence in Ohio has given unusual grace and powers, which he has developt into a specialism for casting out devils. We presume that the elimination of the Auld clootie from the claim where he has not even squatters' rights will be a grand ecclesiastical spectacle, which it would be as well worth going to South Bend to see, as to the Ob ramergau to see the Passion Play.

THE CAMPAIGN BLADE.

The Campaign BLADE is simply and plainly, the BLADE for the campaign. We do not issue a special or abridged edition of the BLADE for campaign subscribers at a nominally reduced price, which in point of fact is not a reduction at all. This game is being played successfully by certain papers, which shall be nameless. The BLADE sent to all campaign subscribers, is the full edition, the only one published, and consequently no distinction is made between campaign and regular subscribers. Please bear this fact in mind when so-called "campaign editions" of other papers are offered you at a price ostensibly below the regular rate.

THE approach of Autumn with its greater leisure and full purses will make it a desirable time to visit the country districts with a few good books. Young men of pleasant address can learn how to spend a few months profitably by addressing the Locke Publishing Company at Toledo.

INSECT BURDENS.

The Preacher speaks of the time—coming to all of us—"when the grasshopper shall be a burden." But, unless we happen to be residents of Western prairie States, this dismal prophecy has no terrors for us. What have we—seasoned to war by years of conflict with tax-gatherers, lightning-rod peddlers, and the men who would beguile us with seductive patent-rights—to fear from mere grasshoppers? After a successful resistance of a half a-day to the man who would sell us a new churn, capable of making two pounds of butter out of a pound of milk, or a furniture polish that will change all the old fashioned chairs, tables and bedsteads in the house into spick-and-span new garniture, of the latest Eastlake designs, it seems the hight of absurdity to talk of the grasshopper being a burden—nothing less than a well developt hippopotamus would be worthy of consideration in that light.

But if the Preacher had said "housefly," his meaning would have been as luminous as the electric light of a six tent circus. To every man and woman who has passed out of that delightful but swiftly vanishing period of golden youth when every ill that does not interfere with his or her good clothes, or attractiveness to the opposite sex is a mere trifle, the fly becomes a despot whose rapacious trunk sucks a heavy toll out of every joy of Summer, and adds much to every annoyance that aggravates existence from the vernal equinox the Winter solstice. His persecutions make the early coming frost, that curls him up as dead as a Greenback candidate the day after election, seem one of Heaven's sweetest benisons.

The house-fly is the peculiar enemy of man. He is one of the very few insects that must live upon us, and starves to death immediately, when not in proximity to his human prey, just as it is believed that a goat will die when not supplied with a diet of posters and oyster cans, and confidence men go to the poor-house in a community where everybody reads the newspaper. So well is this fact recognized that sailors in the great archipelagos of the Pacific always accept the presence of a house fly on one of those lone, lorn coral reefs as the sure indication of the neighborhood of a human habitation.

The elder naturalists, with that fine perception of the salient facts of a case, for which we cannot give them too much credit—and we rarely try—put the fly in the "harpy" family.

The fly is a many sided tyrant, showing as much versatility in methods of torment as he does energy and courage in carrying them out. He assails woman at her weakest points—her love of appearances, and the devices with which she barricades the house against him, the funeral shades in which she drapes her best rooms from April to December to prevent his colonization on her white paint, and preemption of her frescoed ceilings are tributes to his power that she would be burnt at the stake before consenting to yield to any masculine potentate.

And nothing—save her marvelous creations for fancy bazars—exceed in frantic eccentricity and brilliance of coloring the devices—the so called "fly-traps" with which she would woo him away from roosting on her picture frames, and from raising an interesting family on the bright work of her chandeliers. Of course, he has too much sense to be deceived for a moment by any of these absurd feminine artifices. He is not a man to be caught by church fair gimcrackery. Careful observations show repeated instances where millions of active and energetic flies have sweltered in positive discomfort on the surface of a valuable chromo, without one of them leaving to take up his quarters, even temporarily, on a gorgeous gold and crimson fly trap, hanging within a yard of the picture, and the manufacture of which had absorbed all the energies of every female in the household, since the close of the Spring cleaning.

He conducts his warfare against man differently. Then the contest is desperate, and billions of flies sacrifice their lives to the cause every year, by flinging themselves into the cooling and other beverages that are necessary to support men's systems during the trials of fly time. This self-sacrifice is never perfect unless the conditions are just right. The highest consummation is attained when the man who is to be tortured does not discover the presence of the offensive insect in his drink, until its struggles as it passes down his throat beyond recall notifies him of the fact, and gives him ample material for qualms and retchings for the next 24 hours.

Naturalists have been guilty of gross neglect in not discovering for us the methods by which the selection of those individuals who must immolate themselves in this way is made by the fly community. The frequency of these self-sacrifices, and the determination of those who commit them would imply a sort of Mahometanism of religion among them, which leads enthusiasts to welcome death in the expectation of winning a glorious immortality.

But the quarter deck in action for the fly tribe is from 3 o'clock in the morning until the time they can compel their unhappy victims to rise. Then they exalt their horns and sneer at the impotence of the haughty human race. Then nothing else—individually so significant—is capable of producing anything like the discomfort of a single fly that feels well, and is ambitious of earning promotion by strict attention to duty. How he will crawl up the sleeper's face with slow, clinging steps, as of some Alpine traveler planting his spiked shoes on the slippery mountain side. How he will buzz and pant with the effort, and run back to help some friend up whose steps have the grip of a subsoil plow, and then they will all march around, platoon front, slow time, as if manuvering against some distant enemy! Then the two sides will reconnoiter each other around the nose, and eyebrows and ears, testing the ground all the while, to see if suitable for throwing up intrenchments. Then the engagement comes off, with a terrible buzzing of wings, and a deep sinking of the tentacles into the flesh beneath them to enable them to hold their ground against the onset of their enemies. Occasionally a straggler who has got all the fight that his appetite calls for, hides in the cavities of the ear or nose, where he is presently found by his live officers, and flayed alive as punishment for his recreancy.

These are some of the reasons why the house fly is a burden in a way that the PREACHER never dreamed of in regard to the grasshopper.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Assists at a Convocation of Democrats Who Wish to Ascertain the Views of Their Candidate Upon the Various Questions that are Agitating the Public Mind.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND,
(Which is in the State uv Noo York,
Jooly 16, 1880.

I hev bin for sevrel days over at Governor's Island assistin Gen. Hancock, ez a sort uv a doorkeeper, wich, inezmuch ez I am certin uv wat I kin eet an drink, is a better thing than the prekarious life I led at the Corners. Also, when the struggle is over, he can't, ef he is elected, help givin me some posishen sootable to my age and abilities. It soots me very well, and I shel stay here, probably, doorin the campane. I hev succeeded in receivin quite an amount uv money, already, from patriots wich wantid to be admittid to the presence out uv their turn.

Yisterday wuz a feeld day. We hed delegashuns from almost every State in the Yoonyun, all wantin to know suthin about the General's vews on the various questions now before the people, and they wuz admitted one by one. The first wuz a delegashen from Noo York and Boston, wich wuz anxshus to get his noshuns on the finanshel question.

"Representin," sed the spokesman, "the great finanshel institooshens uv the kentry, we ask for a plain and explisit declarashen ez to yoor finanshel polisy in the event uv yoor eleckshun."

I reyer shel forgit the General's answer.

"Ef there is any one thing above another," sed he, "that I wish to hev understood, it is my posishen on this, the most important question before the people. I want no equivocashen, and even tho my vews shood lose me votes, I shel be ez plain and explisit ez cood be desired. On the question of finance I hold that the best polisy shood be adoptid, regardlis uv consekences. Ther will be a Congris electid this Fall, and that Congris will pass bills and sich, bearin on this question. From one stand-pint I shood say that we needed more money, and from another, less. Watever may be the diffrences uv opinyun on this great question, I am thoroly convinst that the Greenbackers uv Injeany, in common with the hard money men uv Noo York, is ekally interested in a pure Goverment, and that is wat Mr. Tilden, in common with John Kelly and myself, perpose to give our common kentry, for wich I fought and wood hev died. Gentlemen, I trust my anser to your question is satisfactory. Ef not I refer yoo to the Nashnel Dimocratic Committy."

The committy retired, and a delegashun uv Greenbackers from Injeany wuz admitted. They wantid to know also.

"Gentlemen," said the great leeder, "ef I am distinguished for anything ex cept military skill, it is for simple directness with my fellow citizens. I am rejoiced that I hev an opportunity uv answerin the queries wich may be put to me. In the matter uv currency, whether we need more or less, whether it shood be redeemable in gold, or not be redeemable in anything, is a question on wich I need not say there are grave differences uv opinyun. Ef it is best to have fiat money, we must hev fiat money—ef, on the other hand, wat is called sound money should be held to condoose to the greatest good uv the greatest number, that is wat we want. But one thing yoo must bear in mind ez yoo go to your homes, which is that eternel vigilance is the price uv liberty, and that the Fabian polisy uv Gen. Washinton wuz wat broot the kentry thro the Revlooshinary War. Uv that I am entirely certain. But for that we wood be groanin under the yoke uv British despotism and the beacon lite uv liberty wood not hev bin lit on this continent. I trust I hev ansered yoor question fairly and clearly, and that yoo know my posishen. Ef ther is anything else yoo wood like to know, menshun it, and in the meantime, Mr. Nasby will show yoo some excellent Bourbon whisky in the adjoinin apartment."

This committy got rid uv, ther come in one from the South wantin to know his views on reconstruckshen and the status uv the Southern States, ginerally.

"Wishin to state my vews on all the questions afore the people frankly and fully, I am glad yoo are here. In regard to the Southern question, the importance uv wich I recognize, I hev to say that it hez been a rool uv my life to feller the best exsmples. I hev alluz held that the victory uv Lundy's Lane, a account uv wich I hev jist bin readin, wuz one uv the most brilliant on record, and that the settlement uv the questions involved in that war wuz ez creditable to Amerikin statesmanship as the victories in the feeld wuz to Amerikin arms. I know I shel be kivered with aboose by the unscrupulus opposishen to the Dimocrisy, but I shel nevertheless anser frankly all questions propounded. I trust, gentlemen, yoo are satisfied."

This committy withdrew, and another uv niggers from South Kerliny, wich wantid to git a pledge that the Dimocrisy wood pertect em in ther rites in the event of a success, entered.

The Gineral receved em with the same urbanity that he did the others.

"The condishen uv things in the South," sed he, "is, I understand, to be deplored. That is, the condishen is to be deplored, pervidin they are, ez some accounts give em, and not to be deplored of they are ez others state em. It is safe to say, gentlemen, that yoo will be pertected, ef the condishun uv things is such ez make perteckshun the proper thing to do. The reel question to be considered is, are yoo in sich a condishun ez to make perteckshun necessary? Is the law uv our common kentry, wich is my pride, sich ez wood jestify the President of the Yoonitid States—"

The General stopped very sudden here, for a delegashun uv South Kerliny rifle-clubs, wich hed heerd the niggers wuz there, rushed past me, and wooden't take no for a anser, and got in anyhow. They insistid on the niggers gittin out, wich, ez they ain't agoin to be allowed to vote in the South, anyhow, we considered entirely safe to do. We hustled em out without ceremony, and give awjence to a delegashun uv Irish from the Sixth Ward, Noo York, wich wantid some definit pledge ez to the invashen uv Canady, in the interest uv Irish independence, and a subscripshen to the Irish Skirmishin Fund.

The General's treetment uv the Irish wuz ez masterly ez the others. He shook em corjelly by the hand, and sed that the love uv liberty wuz implantid in every Amerikin's bosom, and every Irishman's ez well, and that liberty wuz the birth rite uv every man."

"Ceptin naygurs and Chinaze," interruptid a Irishman.

He accepted the amendment—excepting niggers and Chinese, neither uv wich wuz fit to be incorporatid into the body politikle. But uv one thing ther cood be no doubt. Robert Emmett wuz the gratist man the world ever prodoost, except in Daal O'Connell, and the Irish citizens fought all the wars that this or any other kentry ever hed. He cood lay his hand onto his hart and say he loved the Irish race. We felt that he hed stated his posishen with suffishent cleernis.

Ther wuz one skip in the arrangements wich I hev skreddy rectified, wich is not gittin the different delegashuns of the Island in different direckshuns. It is a great mistake to let em git a chance to talk with each other, after they leeve. They compare notes and dror conclusions.

They got to talkin outside, and one Noo Yorker expres the sentiments of the other when he remarkt:

"Well, we've got a non-partisan candidate anyhow. He hain't got a politik—not a d—d politik."

And another one one sed that the Ginral didn't know more about govermenttal matters than Mickfellan, and he couldn't say more nor that.

Our leeders are satisfied with him, however, and that is all they want. He agrees with every one uv em, no matter how wide apart they may be, and he hez determined to keep that way till after eleckshun, and to trust to luck ez to wich he will foller.

I thank heaven, for one thing. No matter wat his views may or may not be, we are sertin uv the post-offices Them is my pollytix just now.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Gate keeper.)

NASBY CAMPAIGN PAMPHLETS.

We take pleasure in announcing a new series of "NASBY Campaign Pamphlets," of 24 pages each, which are surcharged with the richest humor, and which ought to be in the hands of every voter in the land. These pamphlets are neatly and beautifully printed, filled with capital humorous illustrations, and are just the thing to laugh over in the family circle, or to hand to a Democratic friend. Nos. 1 and 2 of the series are just issued. No. 3 will shortly be announced. No. 1 is entitled "The Democratic John Bunyon," and presents in a series of 10 dreams the visions of HANCOCK'S (suppositious) administration and the changes which it worked, as they came to the Parson in the early after-dinner hour. The second pamphlet, "Nasby as a Banker," is a republication owing to the repeated requests of persons in all parts of the country, of the "History of the Onlimited Trust and Confidence Company," an institution established during "flush" times for the manufacture and circulation of paper money, and a telling sarcasm on the fallacies and vagaries of inflation. These pamphlets will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address on receipt of ten cents each, or three for 25 cents. Newsdealers may order them by express, charges to follow, at $6.50 per hundred copies.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

Every family expects to own sooner or later a handsome family Bible, and many have delayed its purchase only because of the high price at which desirable styles have hitherto been held. The LOCKE Publishing Company is now prepared to supply such Bibles at very low price. Sample pages showing the styles of paper and type with specimens of illustrations and bindings will be sent free to any address on receipt of 15 cents. Subscribers ordering single copies or sending for specimen pages should in all cases address the BLADE. Agents who wish to handle a very desirable and saleable line of Bibles will find it greatly to their advantage to address the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo O., for terms to agents.

THE BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

This is a book just issued by the Locke Publishing Company, and one which has everywhere received the warmest endorsement from clergymen of all parties. In point of execution it is especially attractive, the illustrations are magnificent, 20 of them being by the great DORE, and the 30 dissertations of the evidence of divine revelation are invaluable. It includes a biography of all the prominent men and women mentioned in the scriptures, and contains a mass of matter which no one at all interested in biblical matters can afford to be without. The volume will be printed in a style commensurate with its importance, and the sale cannot but be very large. A postal addressed to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, will bring full particulars, including terms to agents.

WHY THE BLADE DOES NOT COME.

A number of people this week are asking why the BLADE, for which they subscribed one, two or three weeks ago, does not reach them. Some anxious, some are angry, and one man among the number has tried to make himself believe that the BLADE "wants to swindle him." The reason why these persons have failed to receive their paper is given below. A subscriber who chances to know any of the parties named, will greatly oblige us by calling their attention to this paragraph:

P. C. Morton, P. M., Allinwood—no State.

W. H. Dukeshier, no postoffice, Buchanan County, Mo., contains 50c for a book.

No postoffice, County or State. Contains $1.75.

St. Johnsville, no State, contains $1.50.

N. Buggs, P. M.

H. M. Brower, 50c, no postoffice, county, or State.

Letter signed W. A. Thompson, P. M., Clare, Mich., contains no money.

Letter containing 50c, dated Clarksville, Johnson County, Ark., no signature.

Letter containing 50c. signed Baker & Photo, no Postoffice, County or State.

Be Kind to Yourself.

Peoria (Ill.) Evening Review.

It pays to be kind to everybody; but be kind to yourself all over, and especially to your stomach, which promptly resents ill treatment. Mr. Joseph Pfeiler, Chicago, Ill., writes: I suffered with Indigestion and Constipation for a long time. After spending a large amount of money for doctor's bills, without obtaining relief, I used the Hamburg Drops and was entirely cured thereby.

CURRENT EVENTS.

In Denver, Col., a party of roughs attempted to rob a street car driver, in the outskirts of the town, but the driver was provided with a revolver, by the use of which he saved his cash.——The Annapolis Cadet Engineers are on their annual Summer cruise, and are now doing the interesting places in Pennsylvania, visiting Philadelphia and the coal fields.——A young girl named Rose White, mysteriously disappeared from her home in Milwaukee, last week, having been enticed away by a drummer, who lured her to an assignation house. Now she cannot be found.——An old lady named Bower was brutally murdered at Tappan, Thursday, by burglars, who had entered her house for the purpose of robbery. They did not secure anything.——The coal miners at Des Moines, have gone out on a strike because the companies are trying to introduce per diem wages instead of paying by the bushel.——A large and enthusiastic Republican mass meeting was held in Burlington, Iowa, on Friday, at which Hon. Emory Storrs, of Chicago, made an eloquent speech. The enthusiasm was intense, and at the close of the meeting a large Garfield and Arthur Club was organized.——The Odd Fellows at McKeesport, Pa., near Pittsburg are investigating the books of Charles Cogan, Secretary of the Lodge, who is reported to be over $3,000 short in his accounts. He has been expelled from the Lodge and will be prosecuted.——Dr. Tanner still perseveres in his 40 days fast and is gaining strength. He drinks only a few ounces of water per day, and seems to thrive on that diet.——The investigation into the cause of the sinking of the steamer "Narragansett" by the "Stonington" has commenced at Newport, but as yet no important testimony has been given.——Two boys at Moberly, Mo., while playing with a railway torpedo were badly injured by its explosion. James McNulty will probably die from the effects of his wounds.——Two Spanish Gypsies named Amador and Quartero, quarreled near South Bend, Friday, and fought in a prize ring. Amador knocked his opponent down and jumping upon him crushed his skull with his boot heel.——Eleven thousand spurious medical diplomas have been issued from Dr. Buchanan's Medical College, at Philadelphia, and arrangements are now being made for their detection.——A skeleton was found near Denver this week, which had laid in the for 20 years.——The House of Commons, London, by a vote of 171 to 116, has decided not to allow the statue of the late Prince Imperial to be erected in Westminster Abbey.——The Kentucky National Guard has gone into camp for a week at Crab Orchard. This is the first camp in Kentucky since 1860.——One of the Naval Cadets, while in Harrisburg, fell out of a four-story window, while asleep, and escaped without any serious injury.——Miss Lucy Osborn is in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, having an artificial scalp grown. It is composed of 14,000 pieces, and has taken six years to construct from pieces of flesh from other people. She lost her scalp in a mill accident in New Milford, Connecticut.——Charley Sufert and Ezra Thomas were working in a sewer in Minneapolis, when the earth caved in upon them, killing Sufert and fatally wounding Thomas.——A German immigrant named Weiderman was instantly killed near Meadville, Pa., Saturday. While riding in a car he stuck his head out of the window and had it cut off.——A young man named Reynolds, living near Wakeman, O., had a row with his father Sunday, during which he cleaved the old man's head with a hatchet.——A smart young man representing himself to be the

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Political Situation—What are the Real Prospects of the Republican Party.

Correspondence of Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, July 16, 1880.

The political situation remains apparently unchanged. The names on the Republican ticket have now been six weeks before the country, the period of Democratic gush over the nomination of Hancock has come and gone, the Democratic mud machine has done its best, but the Republican columns grow more and more solid and the report from every quarter shows an uncommon satisfaction with the ticket. There has been a great effort to make it appear that many Republicans had broken away from their party association and gone over to Hancock, but they have all signally failed. The most searching inquiries have failed to show that even the soldiers who fought under Hancock and admire his genius and patriotism are prepared to support him. They realize, just as other intelligent citizens do, that to vote for him is virtually to sanction the great crimes of the Democratic party—to vote for Rebel plunder, the tissue ballot, the terrorism and fraud which put nomination covers.

At this standpoint, while there is as yet no great excitement, everything looks well for the Republican ticket. The letters received go to show that good local nominations are being made; that the party is organizing its forces; that the Independents and no-party men are gathering to the Republican side; that everything indicates conscious strength, and that all that is needed to secure a generous and complete success is a full vote. Even if the usual methods of the Democratic party are resorted to in the South, and liberty of speech and of action is prevented, with the loss of every Southern State, the North will stand firm in support of its traditional liberties and give to Garfield and Arthur the united support of all the old free States.

Indiana is the only Northern State that has been claimed as sure for the Democratic ticket, but the Republicans who come here from that State all agree that the tables there have been turned; that the State has undergone a change of heart, and that even English and his cabinet cannot save it. While this may be so it cannot be known with any great certainty as yet, but as it will be settled beyond much question by the preliminary election in October.

Gov. Pound, of Wisconsin, in his estimate of Republican strength, puts the weak point in Maine; but his doubts are not shared by our friends from that quarter. There is, perhaps, so much in the situation there as to encourage the hopes of the Greenback crew who are accustomed to inflate everything, and therefore expect to carry Maine and eight or ten States besides. But the performances in Maine last year disgusted a great many Democrats who will now either vote the Republican ticket or stay away from the polls. It is impossible, in the nature of things, for such transactions to take place in New England without causing a revulsion. Then a coalition never commands the full strength of both the parties. It will be found when the trial comes that there are Democrats who will not vote the mongrel ticket and Greenbackers who will not feel happy in playing the role of Democrats. The coalition presents a deceptive show of strength and cannot turn out to the advantage of the contracting parties. But even if their expectations should be met and the combined party should show all the strength of the two parties acting separately, the majority was only a little less than 500, and it would be wiped out by the increased vote which is always given at a Presidential election. It must be remembered that both Houses of the Legislature are strongly Republican, that the delegation in Congress is Republican and that the State Government is Republican so that all the advantages are naturally on that side. The case does not, therefore seem to admit of a reasonable doubt. It is reported that Garcelon has fallen into such utter contempt, in consequence of his political mistakes, as to be shunned by many of his old associates, to lose his professional business, and to be only the wreck of what he was. The fact would seem to show that the party which has inherited his blunders were counting without their host.

Connecticut and New Jersey, under the potent influence of Mr. Tilden's barrel, went Democratic in 1876, but as both States have since reversed their position and now have Republican majorities in their state legislatures and in Congress, there seems to be no reasonable doubt that they will stand by the Republican nominations for President and Vice-President.

It is generally conceded that the pivotal State is New York; but New York is a Republican State, with a Republican Governor, a Republican Legislature, and a majority of Republicans in her Congressional delegation. It is true that the Democrats contend that this is an accident, and owing wholly to the divisions in the party, since so completely healed by the nomination of Gen. Hancock. The first answer to that position is that the divisions are not healed, and that the jealousy and rivalry between the two factions are so deep seated as to make cordial and harmonious action impossible. The second answer is that the split in the party last Fall made the aggregate vote of the party larger than it could have been with only one ticket.

It must be remembered that both factions maintained their party fealty, and had every motive to do their best. The Robinson party had the nomination for Governor, and proclaimed its ability to elect him against both the Republicans and the Kellyites. On the other hand Tammany put forward Kelly so as to secure every possible vote on that side. If neither party could succeed, the next thing was to show their strength; and hence every possible vote was polled. Then on the rest of the State ticket, there was no division and both factions had an opportunity to know what they could do while pulling together. As both were desirous to show their loyalty to the party and what they could do when united they had the strongest motive for polling every vote. Now, under these circumstances, what was the result? Let us call up the official figures:

For Governor—Robinson (Dem.)	375,799
Kelly (T.)	77,503
Cornell (R.)	418,567
Aggregate	871,925

On the State ticket were six officers besides the Governor—Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney General and State Engineer. On neither of these was there any division among the Democrats, and the Republicans were all elected except the Engineer, who was defeated by the scratchers. We have not room for all the figures but the following will show that the full Democratic vote was polled and that the aggregate did not differ materially from the vote on Governor.

For Comptroller, James Wadsworth (R.)	418,283
F. P. Olcott (Dem.)	452,325
Aggregate	870,558

Besides the two leading parties there was a National party, polling 22 or 23 thousand votes, and a Prohibition party polling about 4,000 votes. But if these parties were dissolved it is fair to presume that the Republicans would get at least as many as the Democrats. The fair conclusion is therefore that the Republicans are not in the majority by any accident, but because they have a majority of the popular vote. And if they could carry the State last fall with the election machinery in the hands of the Democrats and the scratchers and independents and other odds and ends playing shuttlecock between the two parties it is only fair to infer that they can carry it again in November when the Democrats will no longer have the election machinery and the odds and ends will all be united on Garfield and Arthur.

Hence we infer that every Northern State will give in its adhesion to the Republican candidates and that "this time" the men who are elected will be inaugurated. BUCKEYE.

P. S. We have had a long period of intense heat, the mercury generally above 96 in the middle of the day and sometimes mounting above 100. But, strange to say there have been no sunstrokes in Washington and the health of the city remains without much change. B.

MORE CROP REPORTS

From the Agricultural Department at Washington.

The July report of the Department of Agriculture shows the condition of the various crops to be as follows:

Tobacco returns for July show average Massachusetts 98 per cent, Connecticut 95 New York 104, Pennsylvania 13, Maryland 69, Virginia 75, North Carolina 109, Tennessee 92 Kentucky 99, Ohio 102, Indiana 89, Illinois 99, Wisconsin 104 and Missouri 91. These States raise more than nine tenths of all the tobacco raised in the country. The States which grow the bulk of seed leaf tobacco, Vermont, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania are increasing their product. North Carolina shows an increase in acreage over last year. The decrease in Maryland and Virginia was caused by the ravages of the fly on plants, and to the severe drouth which retarded planting. The drouth is reported as very detrimental in all tobacco growing States at planting time. The condition of the crops that were planted for the whole country is but slightly below that of last year.

The condition of the oat crop shows 3 per cent. improvement since the June report. New England and the middle States report high condition, but from Delaware to the gulf the condition is very low, except in portions of Texas, where the acreage is very high. In all sections of the country the prospect is good for a full crop. There has been no change in area of planted potatos in the whole country, defects of one State being counterbalanced by the increase in another. The condition of crops is very favorable, fully as good as 1879. In all South Atlantic States, the condition of the crop is rather below that of last year, while in the Western and South western States it is reported above.

Rye and barley have a full average. The condition is favorable in all the the states where sown, except in the state of Nebraska, where the condition is very low, owing to drouth. Nearly all the States show wool equal to or greater than last year. A vast increase in the territories is indicated by reports received amounting to 20 per cent. In Texas alone a 15 per cent. increase is reported.

Fruit—Apples have a full acreage, and the condition is favorably reported. Peaches—Reports show the condition of crops to be about the same as apples, with full average. Grapes—This fruit crop is reported favorably in localities as having enjoyed better conditions of growth so far, than either apples or peaches.

ST. PAUL, July 13.—Crop reports from all parts of the State are much more favorable. If propitious weather continues great will probably escape serious results from the present hot weather except within limited districts.

He Still Lives.

Some years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary and Invalid's Hotel, of Buffalo, N. Y., and London, was sent for to examine a terrible disease of the knee joint, resulting in ulceration and extensive sloughing of the bone and tissues. The case, he had been despaired of by the physicians attendance. Amputation at the thigh was promptly decided upon and skillfully performed by Dr. Pierce, and as after treatment to purify the blood and prevent a recurrence of the malady the doctor's Golden Medical Discovery was freely prescribed. The man's system was thoroughly purified and strengthened, he rapidly gained his health, the stump healing nicely, and he is to-day a happy man. This case was among the first in which this wonderful blood-purifier was tested. It has since manifested its wonderful power over the worst scrofulous and other blood diseases. Taken for a time it so purifies and strengthens the system as to strongly fortify it against the encroachments of disease. Sold by druggists.

MIDDLEVILLE, Mich., 15, 1879.

Hon. R. V. Pierce:

Dear Sir—I would say that I have sold your medicines for seven years. The Golden Medical Discovery is the best cough remedy I have ever used and in every case where I have recommended it, it has cured. I have used it in my family for my children. It cures their colds and coughs in a day or two. My wife has used it several times when down sick. It invariably gives immediate relief. Its sale increases daily.

J. B. KESTER, Druggist.

IN A BAD WAY.

A Whole Family Sick and Starved.

ST. LOUIS, July 16.—A hot-house of pestilence was discovered here yesterday. A police officer, while making his rounds was informed that a colored family were in need of assistance. He entered the tenement on obscure and dingy den in the rear of No. 817 North Tenth street, and found Mrs. Mary Williams with her family of children all sick and nearly starved. Six persons had occupied a room 10 feet square. The husband died a fortnight ago and a son afterward. The rest were taken down one by one. Being refugees lately arrived from the South, they had no acquaintance and were left to their fate. Their condition was accidentally discovered by a negress living next door. One of the children, six years old, died yesterday, and it was ascertained that the disease which had stricken the family was scarlet fever. The premises were in a most shocking condition of filth, privies were overflown, sewer connection clogged, and the place was entirely unsupplied with water. The family had been shut up in their stifling apartments without food or drink for several days. They were removed to the City Hospital, and the Health Department undertook to cleanse the premises.

Horsford's Almanac and Cook Book sent free on application to Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

GENERAL GRANT

Will Give Garfield his Hearty Support, as he is the Man for the Presidency—The General's Route for this Week.

CHICAGO, July 19.—Gen. Grant in an interview here to day said: "I can say without hesitation that I will give Garfield my hearty support. There is no reason why any Republican should not vote for Garfield. I know him to be a man of talent, thoroughly accomplished and an upright man. I have nothing against Gen. Hancock, but Garfield is the man for the office."

He denied the report that he had complained of Conkling and Logan having deceived him. He had no letter from either of them, either before or after the Convention since his return to America. He said of all men, Conkling and Logan were the last for him to find fault with, and he felt more proud of the 312 that stood by him, than if he had received the nomination by unfair means.

The party will be joined by Ulysses, Jr. and Fred Grant to-morrow. They visit Leadville this week and then go on to Denver.

A Fool Once More.

"For 10 years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays.—H. W., Detroit, Mich.—*Free Press.*

GEN. ARTHUR'S LETTER

Of Acceptance of the Nomination of Vice President.

NEW YORK, July 15, 1880.

DEAR SIR:—I accept the position assigned me by the great party whose action you announce. This acceptance implies the approval of the principles declared by the Convention, but the recent usage permits me to add some expression of my own views. The right and duty to secure honesty and order in the popular elections is a matter so vital that it must stand in front. The authority of the National Government to preserve from fraud and force, the election at which its own officers are chosen, is a chief point on which two parties are plainly and intensely opposed. The acts of Congress for 10 years have in New York and elsewhere done much to curb violence and wrong to which the ballot and count have been again and again subjected, sometimes despoiling great cities, sometimes stilling the voice of a whole State, often seating not only in Congress, but on the bench and in Legislatures, numbers of men never chosen by the people. The Democratic party, since gaining the possession of the two Houses of Congress, has made these just laws the object of bitter, ceaseless assault, and despite all resistence, has hedged them with restrictions, cunningly contrived to baffle and paralize. This aggressive majority boldly attempted to exhort from the Executive his approval of various enactments destructive of these election laws, by revolutionary threats that a Constitutional exercise of veto power would be pushed by withholding appropriations necessary to carry on the Government. And these threats were actually carried out by refusing needed appropriation, and by forcing an extra session of Congress, lasting for months, and resulting in concessions to this usurping demands, which was likely, in many States, to subject the majority to the lawless will of a minority. Ominous signs of

PUBLIC DISAPPROVAL

alone subdued this arrogant power into a sullen surrender, for the time being, of a part of its demands. The Republican party has strongly approved the stern refusal of its representatives to suffer the overthrow of the statutes believed to be salutary and just. It has always insisted, and now insists, that the Government of the United States of America is empowered and in duty bound to effectually protect elections denoted by the Constitution as National. More than this

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY HOLDS

as the cardinal point in its creed that the Government should, by every means known to the Constitution, protect all American citizens everywhere in the full enjoyment of their civil and political rights. As a great part of its work of reconstruction the Republican party gave the ballot to the emancipated slave as his right and defense. A large increase in the number of members of Congress and of the electoral college, from former slave holding States, was the immediate result. The history of recent years abounds in evidence that in many ways and in many places, especially where their number has been great enough to endanger Democratic control, the very men by whose elevation to citizenship this increase of representation was effected have been debarred and robbed of their voice and their vote. It is true that the State statute or constitution in so many words denies or abridges the exercises of their political rights, but the modes employed to bar their way are no less effectual. It is a suggestive and startling thought that increased power derived from the enfranchisement of a race now denied its share in governing the country, wielded by those who lately sought to overthrow the Government is now the sole reliance to defeat the party which represented the sovereignty and nationality of the American people in the greatest crisis of our history. Republicans cherish none of the resentments which may have animated them during the actual conflict of arms. They long for a full and real reconciliation between the sections that were needlessly and lamentably at strife.

THEY SINCERELY OFFER THE HAND OF GOOD WILL,

but they ask in return a pledge of good faith. They deeply feel that the party whose career is so illustrious in great and patriotic achievements will not fulfill its destiny until peace and prosperity are established in all the land, nor until liberty of thought, conscience and action, and the equality of opportunity shall be not merely cool formalities of statute, but living birthrights which the humble may confidently claim, and the powerful dare not deny.

The resolution referring to

PUBLIC SERVICE

seems to me deserving of approval. Surely no man should be an incumbent of an office the duties of which he is for any cause unfit to perform, who is lacking in ability or integrity, which a proper administration of such office demands. This sentiment would doubtless meet with general acquiesence, but the opinion has been widely divided upon wisdom and practicability of various reformatory schemes which have been suggested, and of certain proposed regulations governing the appointment to public office. The efficiency of such regulations has been disturbed, mainly because they have assigned to exact mechanical and abstract business capacity, and even special fitness for the particular work in hand. It seems to me that the rules which should be applied to the management of public service may properly conform in the main to such as regulate the conduct of successful private business. Original appointments should be based upon ascertained fitness.

THE TENURE OF OFFICE

demand that the advantages of our common school system should be brought within the reach of every citizen, and that no revenue of the Nation or of the States should be devoted to the support of a sectarian school. Such changes should be made in present tariff and system of taxation as will relieve any overburdened industry or class, and enable our manufacturers and artisans to compete successfully with those of other lands. The Government should aid

THE WORK OF THE INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT,

national in their character, and should promote the development of our water courses and harbors wherever general interests of commerce requires. Four years ago, as now, the Nation stood at the threshhold of the Presidential election, and the Republican party, in soliciting the continuance of its ascendency, founded its hope of success, not upon its promises, but upon its history. Its subsequent course has been such as to strengthen claims which it then made the confidence and support of the country. On the other hand considerations more urgent than have ever before existed did forbid secession of its opponents to power. Their success, if success attends them, must really come from the limited support of that section which sought the forcible disruption of the Union, and which, according to the teachings of our past history, will demand ascendancy in the councils of the party to whose triumph it will have made by far the largest contribution. There is the gravest reason for apprehension that

EXHORBITANT CLAIMS UPON THE PUBLIC TREASURY,

should be stable positions of responsibility, of worthy and efficient officers. The investigation of all complaints and punishment of all official misconducts should be prompt and thorough. These views, which I have long held, repeatedly declared and uniformly applied, when called upon to act, I find embodied in the resolution, which of course I approve. I will add that by the acceptance of the public office, whether high or low, one does not in my judgment escape any of his responsibilities as a citizen, or lose or impart his rights as a citizen, and that he should enjoy absolute liberty to think and speak and act in political matters according to his own will and conscience, provided that he honorably, faithfully and fully discharges all his official duties.

The resumption of specie payments, one of the fruits of the Republican policy, has brought the return of abundant prosperity and the settlement of many distracting questions.

THE RESTORATION OF SOUND MONEY,

the large reduction of the public debt and of the burden of interest, the high advancement of public credit, all attest the ability and courage of the Republican party to deal with such financial problems as may hereafter demand solution. Our paper currency is now as good as gold, and silver is performing its legitimate function for the purposes of change. The principles which should govern relations of these elements of currency are simple and clear. There must be no deteriorated coin, no depreciated paper, and every dollar, whether metal or paper, should stand the test of the world's fixed standard.

The value of popular education can hardly be overstated. Although its interests must of necessity be chiefly confided to voluntary effort and the individual action of several States, they should be encouraged, so far the constitution permits, by the generous co-operation of the National Government.

THE INTERESTS OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY

by no means limited to hundreds of millions, already covered by bills introduced in Congress within the past four years, would be successfully urged if the Democratic party should succeed in supplementing its present control of National legislation by the election of an executive also. There is danger of entrusting the control of the whole law-making power of the Government to a party which has, in almost every Southern State, repudiated obligations quite as sacred as those to which the faith of the Nation now stands pledged. I do not doubt that success awaits the Republican party, and that its triumph will assure a just, economical and patriotic administration.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. A. ARTHUR.

To Hon. Geo F. Hoar, President of Republican National Convention.

IT IS HERE.

Arrival of the Steamer "Dessouk" with the Egyptian Obelisk.

NEW YORK, July 20.—A World reporter boarded the "Dessouk" at 2 o'clock this morning, and interviewed Commander Gorringe as to the obelisk and his trip.

The Commander says that they left Alexandria June 12th and Gibraltar on the 25th. The weather continued fine and nothing particular occurred until the 6th of July, at 8 o'clock in the morning.

"We were going along at the rate of eight knots and a half, with a smooth sea, when all at once the engine stopped, and we found that the after crank shaft had broken short off. Of course we made sail and began to dismantle the shaft and take the engine to pieces. We worked night and day until the 12th. On the evening of the 12th we were ready to start again, having put in a new shaft.

HOW HE SAVED A LONG TRIP.

"There is a story connected with this shaft. When I bought the vessel in Alexandria, I purchased her with everything on board, and belonging to her, and afterward I found that this spare shaft belonged to her and was in the stores, and I had the greatest fight you ever heard of for two months before I could get them to give me the shaft but I got it at last and it saved us from a very long passage.

"On the day after I broke my shaft, we were spoken by the Austrian bark 'Neltuno,' of Persaguo, and I requested the Captain to deliver for me at any port, the following telegram:

'To the Hon. Secretary of the Navy:

The steamer "Dessouk," with obelisk broke her crane shaft July 6, latitude 37, longitude 47. A spare shaft is being fitted, and will probably result in a detention of 10 days. Until repairs are completed will try to keep between parallels 37 and 37 30.

[Signed] LIEUT. GORRINGE.'

'The Austrian bark was bound to Constantinople, but promised to stop at Gibraltar to send this dispatch."

By the skill and energy of Commander Gorringe, he has been enabled to reach New York before the bark has reached Gibraltar, and he will accordingly telegraph at once to Mr. Sprague, our Consul at Gibraltar not to forward the dispatch.

"This broken shaft," Lieut.-Commander Gorringe continued, "has delayed us for about eight days.

THE OBELISK ALL RIGHT.

"There is one thing you can say, that the obelisk has arrived, and that there is not a square inch broken off it. I shall deliver it just as I received it.

DISCRIPTION OF THE MONSTER.

"It is 70 feet long, eight feet square at the base and five feet three inches at the top. It weighs 200 tons. The pedestal weighs 43 tons. The steps, or foundation, without the pedestal, 77 tons. The machinery for lowering it weighs 60 tons."

VISITED BY THE NOBILITY.

"While I was at Gibraltar, Lord Napier of Magdala, the Governor General, of Gibraltar came on board with all of his staff and a large party of ladies, and went down in the hold and examined critically the obelisk, and the manner of its storage. They expressed themselves much pleased with all they saw. Lord Ripon, on his way to India, came on board at Alexandria and inspected the obelisk. There were also many engineers, who came from a great distance to see and to observe the manner of its shipment. Two Austrian engineers came all the way from Triest. I shall take it out just exactly as I put it in, that is, put the vessel in the dry dock first."

AN UNHAPPY PEDESTRIENNE

Finds Herself in an Unpleasant Predicament.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 20.—Maggie Rowell, the female pedestrian, came to this City last evening and created a sensation. She called at the house of a family named Wheeler, and, depositing a 3 months'-old male child in the arms of an astonished member of the family circle, ran away and has not since been seen. The woman's right name is Margaret Martin, and her age was 23 years. When she entered the sawdust arena Rowell had just won the championship belt, and that prompted her to assume his name. A young man residing in this City, named Walter Wheeler, became her trainer, and later on she alleges, seduced her under promise of marriage. She went to Boston, where the authorities sent her to Tewkesbury to be confined. She left Boston Saturday afternoon with the babe, and deserted it as above stated. The child was in bad condition, suffering from want of proper clothing and required attention. The Wheelers are very respectable, and are much worked up over the affair.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE restores enfeebled digestion, imparting vitality, and correcting the feeling of lassitude so common in mid summer.

ROMANTIC.

A Faithful Lover to be Married to His Old Flame.

MILWAUKEE, July 20.—Early in September the widow of the late million aire banker J. B. Martin, will be married to F. G. Tibbets, one of the foremost bankers of Philadelphia. The marriage will be quite romantic. Mr. Tibbets being 70 years of age and Mrs. Martin 68. Mrs. Martin controls about $2,000,000 worth of property in this City. On her husband's death-bed he requested that she marry Mr. Tibbets, who was her first lover when the two were too poor to marry. Mr. Tibbets has remained an old bachelor all of his life. Mrs. Martin is the mother-in-law of Sidney W. Cooper, of the United States Navy, whose wife and Sen. Ferry, of Michigan, created such a scandal at Washington recently, the latter being castigated by Cooper not many weeks ago. The wedding will attract much attention.

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

Killed His Mother-in-Law and Fatally Injured His Wife and Her Father.

WILMINGTON, N. C., July 20.—Stephen Richardson (colored) last night entered the house of his father in-law, Robert Phinney, and killed his mother-in-law and probably fatally injured his wife and father in-law. Richardson was arrested.

Nature's Sluice-way.

The kidney's are nature's sluice way to wash out the debris of our constantly changing bodies. If they do not work properly the trouble is felt everywhere. Then be wise and as soon as you see signs of disorder get a package of Kidney-Wort.

How Charity Rewards the Giver.

The old Charity Hospital in the City of New Orleans was originally endowed by the State of Pennsylvania for the succor and relief of Pennsylvanians who found themselves without friends, sick and destitute, in a then very unhealthy City. It has been the cause of many thousand lives being saved, and is now mainly supported by the revenue it receives from the Louisiana State Lottery Company, whose large capital of $1,300,000, with its reservations, is a guarantee the promises made will be fulfilled. A dollar occasionally spent for a lottery ticket often enriches those whose intent is only to do a charitable act. For information address M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., or same person at No. 319 Broadway, New York City.

—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

MINOR TELEGRAMS.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—Judge Lawrence, of Ohio, arrived here this morning and had an interview with President Hayes. He accepts the appointment of First Comptroller of the Treasury.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, July 15.—Mrs. Warren, indicted for murder in the second degree, for killing her husband, has been on trial since the 8th. To day the Jury, after an absence of thirty-four hours, brought in a verdict of manslaughter.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., July 15.—The Margie Franklin Colliery, owned and operated by the Enterprise Coal Company at Excelsior, burned this morning. Loss, $25,000; insurance, $17,000. Three hundred men and boys are thrown out of employment.

NEW YORK, July 17.—The funeral of Chestine Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hall, was largely attended by colored people. Methodist Episcopal services for the dead were read by Rev. Drs. Cook and Simmons. The body was interred in Evergreen cemetery.

ST. LOUIS, July 14.—Barge No 52 belonging to the Mississippi Valley Transportation Company laden with 35,000 bushels of corn, while being towed down the river this morning struck one of the piers of the bridge about midship, broke in two and sunk. The barge was valued at $9,000. No insurance. The corn was insured $13,000.

NEW YORK, July 17.—Before the Investigating Committee to day, Supervisor of Elections Davenport said that some of the alleged fraudulent naturalization papers of 1868 are still out, and during the coming campaign he will consider it his duty, if complaint is made, to arrest the parties offering them.

HUNTSVILLE, Ont., July, 17.—Yesterday a son of Ed. Johnston, a farmer in Stephenson Township, saw a bear passing through a clearing on his father's farm, and fired, wounding it. He then started in pursuit with the empty gun, whereupon the bear turned upon him, and before assistance could arrive and killed him and tore his body almost to pieces.

JONESBORO, Ind., July 20.—A little boy by the name of Mills, living just east of here, was bitten by a rattlesnake a week or 10 days ago, on the right leg. The limb has become swollen so that it is twice as large as its natural size. To-day the flesh began to rot off. The little fellow is suffering untold agony. Physicians say they cannot save his life, as the poison is now well up into the body.

ST. LOUIS, July 17.—What is known as Cone's flouring mill at St. Genvieve, Mo., operated by Mountel, Burgess & Co., of this city, was nearly demolished by the explosion of a boiler yesterday. Engineer Kanemann was instantly killed, Superintendent Martin Meyer was fatally scalded, and another employe named Pites was seriously wounded. Loss $10 000 to $15 000.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Hon. John A. Campbell, at one time Governor of Wyoming and later Third Assistant Secretary of State, died at his residence here this morning. He served with distinction in the army of the Cumberland from the first days of the war until its close, where he was one of the best known staff officers, having acted as Gen. Schofield's Adjutant General during the closing years of the war.

LEAVENWORTH, July 16.—The following dipatch was received by Adjutant General E. B. Platt, at Fort Leavenworth, this morning:

FORT RENO, July 16.

Donsild and the scouts arrested Payne and 22 men on the 14th inst. Purdee took charge of the party yesterday. He has been instructed to take Payne and the men to Fulcot Creek and turn them over to Robinson.

[Signed] RANDALL, Commanding.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Gen. Pope telegraphs the War Department of the arrest of Payne and 22 of his followers, and asked if the Government wishes them turned over to the United States Marshal at Fort Smith, Arkansas, for trial. The Secretary of War will order the delivery of Payne and his men to the civil authorities for safe custody, and meanwhile the matter will be referred to the Attorney General for his opinion as to mode of civil prosecution to be instituted against them.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 15.—R. I. Hunt, of Missouri, was elected permanent President, and J. McNamara, of Ohio, Secretary of the Irish Republican Convention Thursday. A national Executive Committee was appointed, consisting of one from each State and Territory; Judge Morrison was chosen Chairman of the Committee. An elaborate address by the Committee appointed Wednesday was presented, the burden of which were the many reasons why the Irishmen of the United States should swear allegiance to the Republican party, as that party had appointed and elected a very much larger number of Irishmen to positions of trust that the Democratic party. The Convention closed with a monster meeting at the wigwam.

IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

A Pretended Minister Adopts Strange Ways for Raising Money.

CINCINNATI, July 20.—A young man calling himself Rev. Thomas James, of South Wales, England, and giving his card as an M. A. Jesus College, Oxford, succeeded in obtaining endorsement on a check for $50 on an Ironton O., bank from one of the leading ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this City. It now turns out that the check is bogus and that the same man accomplished a similar feat at Columbus, O. He succeeded here in officiating at the service of two churches, and wore his Oxford cap over his surplice. He was well acquainted with the details of the role he assumed and entirely disarmed suspicion. He is regarded as a dangerous imposter.

THE PESKY REDSKINS

Stealing Horses in the West.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—Col. Hatch sends the following dispatch from Santa Fe New Mexico: "The latest is to the effect that the hostiles have taken many horses from the ranches near Chihuahua, swinging around that City in a circle of 20 miles. Arrada, an old Indian fighter, who has 50 men with him, says most of the hostiles are 40 miles southward of Galijos, and the same distance north of Chihuahua. They go into Galijos to trade. They are not killing people. I think they will cross below Quitman. Five Indians crossed there July 4th. Capt. Brinkerhoff is looking for them from El Passo."

TUTT'S PILLS!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Flutter ing at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness a night, Highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

A Noted Divine says.

Dr. TUTT—Dear Sir: For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last Spring your Pills were recommended; I used them. I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and have gained forty pounds flesh. They are worth their weight in gold. Rev. R. I. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

MALT

UNFERMENTED

MALT BITTERS

TRADE MARK

Hall Bitters Company

MALT AND HOPS

BITTERS

THE AGED.—Mental and physical debility of the aged begins with loss of appetite and sleep. These two potent causes of premature and rapid decline have their origin in DEFECTIVE NUTRITION and IMPOVERISHED BLOOD. All other ailments may be warded off if these be restored to a condition of health. To accomplish this beneficent purpose, MALT BITTERS are superior to all other forms of malt and medicine. They are rich in bone and fat-producing materials. They vitalize with new life the process of digestion. They dissolve and assimilate every article of food, thereby enriching and strengthening the blood. They feed the brain as well as the blood, banishing nervousness, melancholy and sleeplessness. For every form of Debility of both mind and body of the aged, MALT BITTERS are the purest and safest Restorative in medicine.

MALT BITTERS are prepared *without fermentation* from Canadian BARLEY MALT and HOPS, and warranted superior to all other forms of malt or medicine, while free from the objections urged against malt liquors.

Ask for MALT BITTERS prepared by the MALT BITTERS COMPANY, and see that every bottle bears the TRADE MARK LABEL, duly signed and enclosed in wave lines as seen in cut.

MALT BITTERS are for sale by all Druggists.

MINOR TELEGRAMS.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—Judge Lawrence, of Ohio, arrived here this morning and had an interview with President Hayes. He accepts the appointment of First Comptroller of the Treasury.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, July 15.—Mrs. Warren, indicted for murder in the second degree, for killing her husband, has been on trial since the 8th. To day the Jury, after an absence of thirty-four hours, brought in a verdict of manslaughter.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., July 15.—The Margie Franklin Colliery, owned and operated by the Enterprise Coal Company at Excelsior, burned this morning. Loss, $25,000; insurance, $17,000. Three hundred men and boys are thrown out of employment.

NEW YORK, July 17.—The funeral of Chestine Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hall, was largely attended by colored people. Methodist Episcopal services for the dead were read by Rev. Drs. Cook and Simmons. The body was interred in Evergreen cemetery.

ST. LOUIS, July 14.—Barge No 52 belonging to the Mississippi Valley Transportation Company laden with 35,000 bushels of corn, while being towed down the river this morning struck one of the piers of the bridge about midship, broke in two and sunk. The barge was valued at $9,000. No insurance. The corn was insured $13,000.

NEW YORK, July 17.—Before the Investigating Committee to day, Supervisor of Elections Davenport said that some of the alleged fraudulent naturalization papers of 1868 are still out, and during the coming campaign he will consider it his duty, if complaint is made, to arrest the parties offering them.

HUNTSVILLE, Ont., July, 17.—Yesterday a son of Ed. Johnston, a farmer in Stephenson Township, saw a bear passing through a clearing on his father's farm, and fired, wounding it. He then started in pursuit with the empty gun, whereupon the bear turned upon him, and before assistance could arrive and killed him and tore his body almost to pieces.

JONESBORO, Ind., July 20.—A little boy by the name of Mills, living just east of here, was bitten by a rattlesnake a week or 10 days ago, on the right leg. The limb has become swollen so that it is twice as large as its natural size. To-day the flesh began to rot off. The little fellow is suffering untold agony. Physicians say they cannot save his life, as the poison is now well up into the body.

ST. LOUIS, July 17.—What is known as Cone's flouring mill at St. Genvieve, Mo., operated by Mountel, Burgess & Co., of this city, was nearly demolished by the explosion of a boiler yesterday. Engineer Kanemann was instantly killed, Superintendent Martin Meyer was fatally scalded, and another employe named Pites was seriously wounded. Loss $10 000 to $15 000.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Hon. John A. Campbell, at one time Governor of Wyoming and later Third Assistant Secretary of State, died at his residence here this morning. He served with distinction in the army of the Cumberland from the first days of the war until its close, where he was one of the best known staff officers, having acted as Gen. Schofield's Adjutant General during the closing years of the war.

LEAVENWORTH, July 16.—The following dipatch was received by Adjutant General E. B. Platt, at Fort Leavenworth, this morning:

FORT RENO, July 16.

Donsild and the scouts arrested Payne and 22 men on the 14th inst. Purdee took charge of the party yesterday. He has been instructed to take Payne and the men to Fulcot Creek and turn them over to Robinson.

[Signed] RANDALL, Commanding.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Gen. Pope telegraphs the War Department of the arrest of Payne and 22 of his followers, and asked if the Government wishes them turned over to the United States Marshal at Fort Smith, Arkansas, for trial. The Secretary of War will order the delivery of Payne and his men to the civil authorities for safe custody, and meanwhile the matter will be referred to the Attorney General for his opinion as to mode of civil prosecution to be instituted against them.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 15.—R. I. Hunt, of Missouri, was elected permanent President, and J. McNamara, of Ohio, Secretary of the Irish Republican Convention Thursday. A national Executive Committee was appointed, consisting of one from each State and Territory; Judge Morrison was chosen Chairman of the Committee. An elaborate address by the Committee appointed Wednesday was presented, the burden of which were the many reasons why the Irishmen of the United States should swear allegiance to the Republican party, as that party had appointed and elected a very much larger number of Irishmen to positions of trust that the Democratic party. The Convention closed with a monster meeting at the wigwam.

IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

A Pretended Minister Adopts Strange Ways for Raising Money.

CINCINNATI, July 20.—A young man calling himself Rev. Thomas James, of South Wales, England, and giving his card as an M. A. Jesus College, Oxford, succeeded in obtaining endorsement on a check for $50 on an Ironton O., bank from one of the leading ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this City. It now turns out that the check is bogus and that the same man accomplished a similar feat at Columbus, O. He succeeded here in officiating at the service of two churches, and wore his Oxford cap over his surplice. He was well acquainted with the details of the role he assumed and entirely disarmed suspicion. He is regarded as a dangerous imposter.

THE PESKY REDSKINS

Stealing Horses in the West.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—Col. Hatch sends the following dispatch from Santa Fe New Mexico: "The latest is to the effect that the hostiles have taken many horses from the ranches near Chihuahua, swinging around that City in a circle of 20 miles. Arrada, an old Indian fighter, who has 50

The Household

Correspondents writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

A Florida Letter.

I wonder if the members of the Household will welcome a stranger from the land of fruit and flowers to their midst? I have for some time been a reader of the BLADE and have profited by many of the valuable hints supplied by sisters of the band. I believe I have seen communications from nearly every State in the Union excepting Florida, and looking over the pleasant letters from different members of the Household this morning, I have been wondering (for I remember my own curiosity of old) whether they would not like to hear something about our home in the "sunny South." We came here, nearly four years ago from Leavenworth County, Kansas, had formerly lived both in Illinois and Massachusetts, but finding my health failing, we concluded to try a warmer climate, and can never be grateful enough to a kind Providence, which directed our footsteps to this favored locality. We feel that here we may at least, rest literally "beneath our own vine and fig tree;" and while so reposing, that we may partake of the fruit from our own orange, lemon and lime trees, beside many other delicious fruits and fine vegetables, all of our own raising, for the land in this immediate vicinity seems peculiarly adapted to their abundant growth. We have orange trees that were transplanted three years ago, and cut off one inch from the ground at that time they were two years old, and the size of one's finger. Now, by actual measurement, they are from 15 to 18 inches in circumference, five inches from the ground, from 13 to 16 feet high, and, more important still, a few of them this year are full of oranges! Strawberries do remarkably well here, and may be gathered fresh from the vines, from January to July. Blackberries and huckleberries grow wild, the former in great abundance. Melons are frequently raised from 50 to 60, and even 70 pounds weight. We are just now enjoying some exceedingly fine ones.

Our Town of Green Cove Springs, with its stately Magnolia trees, the dark green of the orange trees, harmonizing so nobly with the gray, drooping Spanish moss, and the myrtle trees gay with blossoms, would to day present as most charming picture to Northern eyes I am sure. It is situated upon the west band of the "St. John's River," 30 miles south of Jacksonville, it has four large hotels, a number of boarding houses and is a popular resort for pleasure seekers in the Winter, also for invalids both in Winter and Summer, who come here to bathe in our fine spring, to drink of its waters and to find health and happiness in breathing the aroma of the pine trees, which surround the town. We are living upon an Oak ridge, a mile back from the wharf, said to be 140 feet above the river; we however been here long enough to have thoroughly decided that we are more than pleased, we are delighted with the climate, the people and the country, and consider ourselves fortunate in having chanced to come here, just as the former owner of our place was ready to sell, for there has been in the past, very little land to be gotten for either love or money near Green Cove Springs, it nearly all having been held by one family, who did not wish to dispose of it. Now, however, this past Spring, they have had 16,000 acres surveyed, and are ready and anxious to sell, in either large or small tracts, upon reasonable terms, so that we may hope and expect to welcome many Northern neighbors here, within the next year, and it would certainly be very pleasant to find among them, some members of the Household, upon whose time and patience I have most unwarrantably trespassed I fear, so I will close by giving a recipe for Orange marmalade. We use sour oranges, press out the juice and chop the pulp, if the flavor of the peel is desired, grate the outside yellow from the white, discarding the latter. To five lbs. pulp and juice add six lbs. sugar, boil slowly together until it thickens, when it is done and can be removed from the stove to cool; seal, and it will keep for years.

Mrs L. F. BOUIS

Green Cove Springs, Clay County, Florida.

From Mrs. Galpin.

That was a noble proposition of Mrs. Axtell's for us to send good reading matter to the inmates of our prisons, something that will cheer and cause them to look to that "far beyond," where confinement comes no more, where just ce is meted out to all by the unerring wisdom of a kind and beneficient God. Do you know, ladies, that I think imprisonment for life a severer sentence than hanging, particularly solitary confinement. To be alive and separated from all humanity, alone with a guilty conscience must be terrible. I hope to live to see the time that hanging will be abandoned, as it is but a relic of ancient barbarism, and produces no good, for murder and all other crimes are just as rampant as ever. I shall send a quantity of books and papers to the address given by Mrs. Axtell, and only hope that the generous Christian thought she has expressed, may be the means of accomplishing untold good. I like Mrs. A.'s letters so much and if the world had more of just such women it would be far better off. There is something grander and nobler in life to live for, than cooking, eating and fancy work, though they are indespensible in their own sphere, yet we can sometimes soar above this "mundane vale," in sweet commune with all that is ideal and beautiful, strengthening and elevating to a grander and higher life.

Now that the Chicago convention has set forth its "nominee" for President, I suppose "election" will be the fashion till he takes the Presidential chair. I confess that I am disappointed in not having Grant or Blaine, but as wiser heads than mine have decided otherwise. I am glad that the choice has fallen upon Garfield; how I pity the General, and his family during the coming six months, he will be raked over from the time he wore "short clothes," to the present day. If there should be a "flaw" found in his career at any time during his life, how his enemies will fasten to it, like a "vampire," till they exhaust his blood, or die themselves in the vain attempt, which will most likely be the case. It is a glorious thing to be President, but it is bought at a dear cost, in my opinion. Look how R. B. Hayes has been maligned and traduced, yet he has made as good a President as the average, while Mrs. Hayes cannot be excelled for the purity and atmosphere that has pervaded the White House beneath her gentle sway. We ought all feel proud that we have such women as Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Hayes, for typical representatives of American women, but how I do run on. I must close for this time lest I never see the genial light of the Household but I will say before closing that Ohio must feel proud to have furnished so many occupants to the Presidential chair of those "never to be conquered" United States of America.

Mrs M. J. GALPIN.

Waterville, Kans.

This and That.

To cook a hard shelled squash, burst or cut it open, wash the outside and scrape the inside; cook in just enough water to boil dry by the time it is done; then cool a little and scrape out of the shell back into the kettle; season to taste and mash thoroughly; let stand on the stove a few minutes.

In dressing a chicken for table use, it should be washed in hot soapy water and scraped thoroughly. Most persons simply wash them in cold water. A moment's thought will convince any one that the body of a fowl can not be made fit for eating unless washed in soap and water

It is economy in purchasing buttons to have a standard button for dresses, to be all of one size and color, especially in a large family, for instance a medium-sized white pearl button is one that is suitable for either a nice cress or an everyday dress, dark or bright goods, for old or young ladies, for Summer or Winter wear, and is not easily broken. Then if one or more is lost they can be easily supplied from an old dress or from the button-box. The same applies to gentlemens' and childrens' clothes.

All are ready to acknowledge that chewing and smoking tobacco are very bad habits and injure many, but what about lasting, thin soled, high heeled shoes, etc. We hear but little said of these evils. If I were a young man every time I was rapped over the head with a plug of tobacco, pipe or spittoon by the ladies, (if the coat did not fit me,) I would return the rap with a cudgel made of tight corsets, high heeled, thin soled shoes, the cudgel to be painted up beautifully with lily-white and carmine, until they were ready to acknowledge too, that they had beams in their own eyes

The article on reading for prisoners, of June 17th, asks for barrels of reading matter to be sent to Rev. W. D. A. Mathews, of Onergs, Ill., by mail, which should have read by freight. When box or barrel is ready, write him and he will secure a free pass for it, if not too far away, by freight. But those who are willing will please send it along weekly or monthly, while fresh and new, by mail. With how much more interest do we read a fresh, new paper than we do an old, soiled one. Please fold them right side out, as Mr. W. has but one arm and it is quite a task to fold so many papers, causing him weeks of labor yearly.

Mrs S. J. W. AXTELL.

Another Canary Letter.

Now for the little talk about canaries, as per agreement. To begin at the beginning, they are of the Finch family of birds, and are natives of the Canary Islands. Their original color is green, and it is by mixed propagation that we have them of so many varied colors. The best singers are said to be produced by a native Canary and an English Linnet. They are quite hardy, and yet there are limits to be observed, as in the care of all other birds, such as keeping the cage clean, keeping fresh water in their supply cups, and the bath dish each morning, and they will soon learn to take a morning ablution and twill you many sweet thanks for the little favor. Sand should be kept on the floor of all cages or a piece of gravel paper. Give them all the out door life possible; when in he house hang the cage about midway between floor and ceiling and near a window, as the temperature is preferable The requisite food is canary and rape seed and cuttle fish bone. Fruit is relished and should be given. Hemp should not be fed, as it is too appetizing causing them to be more of gourmandizers than singers. I prefer to feed them late of an evening, because they are earlier risers than we are, and it is usually late before one can leave the clamoring house duties to attend to them. The perches should be of different sizes to prevent the claws growing too long.

Pair the birds in March. Make the nests in the usual way, carefully sewing in the filling, leaving a little loose cotton and a few feathers for them to work with. This will keep them from despoiling the nest or making raids upon each other for feathers. Keep the cage in a stationary place and partly secluded. When the young birds have hatched, and in addition to the other food give hard boiled eggs, light bread or cakes soaked in milk, adding a little boiled rape seed. Four broods can be raised in a single season, employing the means given in my former letter against parasites and mites.

The male birds can be distinguished in their first song notes by a pulse like motion in the throat. Lastly, do not do them a grudging duty work, but give them kind, loving attention, which will insure them many bright, happy years.

MAUD MULLER.

Alcyone on Canaries.

As I have been successful in raising young canaries, I will gladly give Mrs. Palmer the benefit of my experience. My old singer is a brown bird with a long, slim body, and long wings and tail. My female is a light spotted bird, round and plump in form. I have a large cage for breeding purposes. In it I fasten a nest, some time in April or May, and after putting the old birds in the cage, hang it in some quiet corner. The food given during mating season should be hard boiled hen's egg and shell, some hemp seed, red peppers, and plenty of gravel. Give the female a chance to bathe while setting. She will sometimes return to her nest with her feathers quite damp, which will be of benefit to the eggs, as moisture is needed during incubation. As soon as the young birds are ready for food a supply of bread and milk should be placed in the cage. A constant supply of it should be kept in the cage during the first two or three weeks; also hard boiled eggs. Rolled cracker with bits of hard egg, mixed together, is also good, and any green stuff, such as cabbage and other vegetables, chick weed etc. When the young birds are about two weeks old they will begin to pick for themselves. Then the seed must be cracked for them, which may be done with a rolling pin. Put some of it in their dishes and scatter a little over the bottom of the cage. The seed should be cracked for them until they are about two weeks of age. Care should be taken while the old birds are bathing or the young ones may fall into the water and be drowned. During moulting season a rusty nail may be placed in their drinking cups for a few weeks.

A lady friend of mine tells me that if plenty of salt is used when canning tomatos they will be sure to keep well. I think a heaping teaspoonful to a quart of tomatos would not be too much.

If "Lide" or any other lady afflicted with a weak back will send me her address, I may be able to suggest a remedy which will be of benefit. ADVICE will be given free ALCYONE.

Box 46 St. Charles, Mich.

Crushed, but not Hushed.

I think some one ought to tell Barinda Buck how terribly crushed we all are since she "sat down" on us so remorselessly. No one will dare again to ask any advice of the more favored ones of the Household who are happily married. Imagine the exulting tone of some household tyrant as he reads that letter to exclaim: "There, didn't I tell you so?" No matter with how much hope, and joy and love you entered the holy, etc., as you imagined — heavenly state of matrimony—if you find it all a delusion, and life one long series of disappointments—don't ask any mortal for sympathy or advice, always meet your husband with a smile—yes and every body else—keep smiling while your heart is breaking and you are slowly dying for the want of a little of that wine of life, human love and friendship.

We are very thankful that most of the ladies of our Household have a pretty good idea of human nature, and have no such harsh names as "Crazy fools," for those who have from time to time told their troubles in this department. Many women have gone to their graves early in life, and left a family of little helpless mortals to the cold charities of the world because they found—when too late—that their husband was not a friend. Their loving trusting hearts were crushed by some such heartless words as these. "If you have made a bad bargain keep your mouth shut about it." They had fondly thought that the only bargain was, love for love, friendship for friendship, kindness for kindness. In passing through the world, however, we find a few, or now and then—ope like B. B., who are quite capable of taking care of No. 1. Never allowing anyone to "sit down" on them, or their rights very often. The Toledo BLADE is a very welcome weekly visitor at our log cabin, away up here in the mountains, in the northwest corner of Uncle Sam's domains. The Household letters are all read with pleasure and profit, yes all, for variety is the spice of life and how would we get along without pepper and salt and vinegar?

W. C. T.

Oregon.

That Plan of "Mum's."

I am a new comer in this department of the BLADE, and like our "P. V. N's" description of his immortal Tilden, do not care to be drawn from "retiracy." I will say by way of comment that I am pleased and profited by much that appears in this department. "Long may it wave."

I belong to that army of individuals who are engaged in trying to show the young ideas which way to aim if they ever expect to hit the mark, and therefore am particularly interested by the suggestions of the ways and means committee to secure punctual attendance, perfect recitations and good deportment in the schoolroom. I will not now give any of my methods for securing these vital points, but ask of "Mum," in BLADE of June 10th, a little more definite description of his auction plan; also, how to obviate some of the difficulties that may arise by its use.

I think that plan has good points and worthy of consideration and adoption if they could be carried out. But to illustrate my school has an average of 100 pupils, and divided into two departments; if I give each one a ticket for attendance, in one week 500 tickets are out, in one month 2,000, in six months, 12,000 tickets.

Each pupil must recite at least four times each day, and taking a very low average he would have three perfect recitations, and applying the same series of increase to the recitations as the attendance, 36,000 tickets would be out, making only 48,000 in all.

In the district school of 50 scholars, 19,200 would be necessary, and if half of them were up in forfeitures and fines, 9,600 would still be too many.

I am well aware that to secure the greatest good in the shortestest time, something must be done outside of the so called "cramming" process; that incentives to secure the three points I referred to are proper and useful if they can be directed in such a channel as not to awaken a spirit of apparent partiality; if they can be used so as to create an interest where it is most needed, i. e., in the dullest and most indifferent ones, for the apt and attentive do not need it. But if they cannot, then their promiscuous use in any way is questionable.

Now, Sir. "Mum," (maybe its "Mrs," but no matter,) will you please to elaborate a little, if the editor will be kind enough to give us a small corner in the columns of his otherwise valuable paper.

F. W. C.

Chamois, Mo.

A Macedonian Cry.

I want the gentlemen to pay particular attention to this, regard it as a cry from Macedonia, and come out and help us. The starch we use here is shipped from Indiana. We can raise two bushels of corn while they raise one, and sell it for half the money and do well. Why can't we have a starch factory? There is one of the best of situations near Parsons, and plenty of colored gents to do the work. Please, *some man*, with money and brains, take notice. Then we need a paper mill. Talk about paper being dear! Why, there is enough straw rotting in the Kansas fields, if made into paper, to build us all a paper house. I wont undertake to say whether there are any rags here or not, but will promise the man who starts the mill plenty of material to work. If Jay Gould or Vanderbilt will use some of their millions this way it would be most as good as a Congress appropriation. Come and help us, and while you are helping us help yourselves, for there is plenty of money to be made in this scheme.

Any one wanting further particulars can address OLD CURIOSITY,

Montana, Kan. Box 24

A Call for Sympathy.

In the hope of calling forth a spicy answer from some energetic writer; or what will be better to me, a word of sympathy with kindly advice I enter. I have been an invalid from birth. A victim of heart and lung disease. Now I am not going to worry you, with a long list of ailments, reminding you of hospital scenes. I ask for a remedy 'tried and true" for my arch enemy the blues. Oh! I sink low down sometimes in the "vale of despondency." Life becomes a burden. This world so full of brightness and beauty is to me a world of wretchedness and sorrow. When I commit mistakes, or chance to err through a lack of judgment, not knowing what is the right thing to do, I take the matter grievously to heart, and often wish that God had taken me in my infancy. "A weak body begets a weak mind," and I fear that it is the case with me. Can some lady friend, with a woman's heart of sympathetic feeling, prescribe for me. I often wonder if there are other women like myself, timid, weak and despondent. Women, to whom the world seems dark and drear, I would gladly have said of me

"As welcome as sunshine,
In every place;
Is the beaming approach
Of a good-natured face."

But alas! I am one of the despondent class—one whom sorrow crushes completely; as the rough wind when it sweeps across the tender plant, bows that plant to the earth. The rule of life should be, to—

"Never give up when sorrows come,
Never grow sad and blue—
Never sit down,
With a tear or frown,
But paddle your own canoe."

It seems a hard thing for me to do, so I appeal for counsel through the Household Department. Perhaps a scolding would do me good; let it be as it may, I wait to hear. BELLE JONES.

Lamar, Mo., Box 219.

Prevention Better than Cure.

Having been an attentive reader through the tobacco campaign, I would like to know why some one of the wise ones don't tell us how to prevent the rising generation from acquiring the habit of chewing the weed, and how to keep children from liking the taste instead of trying to cure the habit in an old devotee, when we know so well how almost impossible it is? Boys naturally begin very early to imitate, and of course what papa does is first attempted. Then is time to let them have enough tobacco, if that is what they want. Let them have enough to last a life time, it won't take but a little to cure them, if taken in time. Let them have enough to make them very sick, and as soon as they are over the effects offer it to them again; one dose is generally enough. About 19 years ago I found my five year old boy with a piece of tobacco in his little coat pocket and a very small piece in his mouth. I told him to take a larger piece, and then he would "be a man." He soon became deathly sick and I very much alarmed. As soon as he was able to get around, I offered him some tobacco, but he couldn't, "see it" and what is better has never been troubled with any "hankering" after it since. I always said that if ever I was the mother of boys, they would never chew the weed while under my care. There are six of them now all the way from 30 down to 11 years old and not one uses tobacco in any form.

AUNT CONSTANCE

Mars in Petticoats.

Now don't say there's another school teacher: I won't even look at the school ma'ams nor listen to their, "Resolved that moral suasion etc."

Some of ye learned matrons listen to my cry! Why don't you write a free lecture to us girls, who are particular no bodies? We do not earn our daily bread "by the sweat of our brow," and our hands are not browned by toil. If we were called upon to support ourselves, the question would be, what can we do? We can play the piano very well, sing quite passably; rattle off a very little French and German, and our English is far too limited to admit of our receiving a third rate certificate; so what can we do?

Girls, let's form ourselves into a small army, act with military precision, and quell this raging war and massacre of words, about our sayings and doings. We have remained neutral too long by half; it is quite time for us to shoulder arms and act on the defensive, having for our motto, "Give me liberty, or give me death," in all things pertaining to our dress, conversation, walks, gentlemen friends, &c. Are the young of such minor importance that their welfare is not to be thought of, studied on, and written about?

Are "us girls" the only worthy topics for discussion? but now the time has come for us to say "it must and shall be stopped." Come to the front, girls, and help me turn this tide of affairs, and propose that some lady or ladies will kindly tell us our true calling or professions.

Young Bach., I believe I like you; but wouldn't you appear better under your own girlish name, rather than that manly nom de plume CIN.

Coldwater, Mich.

Card Playing.

I would like to say a few words about that "debasing pastime, card playing," as Glengarry calls it. I think that the game of cards when played in the home circle is no more debasing than any other game, and the only way to make it so is to banish it from the home. It then becomes another of the many wiles to lead the young into evil places. Youth is easily tempted and forbidden fruit is the most tempting. I have noticed that a large proportion of gamblers come from families who do not allow card playing at home. If you wish to keep your boys at home provide games for them and allow them to invite their associates to play with them. Some may think that there are games enough without encouraging cards. True enough. But the game of cards exists and will be played; so it is better to use its attraction in keeping boys at home than enticing them elsewhere.

A. B. C. urges the plea against card-playing that it was not recommended by Christ. The result of that reasoning, if followed, would be the discarding of all, or nearly all, our social customs, as we indulge in many harmless pastimes not recommended by Him. The writer also associates card-playing with drinking whisky and profanity. As a home game, it is in no way connected with such vices. I know families who play cards and yet use all their influence against sin in all forms, and a good influence it is.

TOM, A. HAWK

Hastings, Ia.

In Memoriam.

O friend, dear friend, I stand beside your grave,
One Summer's bloom, one Winter's frost have passed;
The sun shines on as brightly even now,
As on that fair bright day I met you last.
The last, last time, through paths we have not known
And by still waters have you now been led,
Since the death angel claimed you for his own.
And left us memories, and your grass-grown bed.

And O my friend, the mystery that lies
Above, around, enshrouded from our view,
On which we never can look with mortal eyes,
Has now been opened and revealed to you.
I call you, but no voice responds—
I reach my arms and clasp the empty air,
And still there seems to be about me thrown
A subtle presence of you everywhere.

I seem to feel your breath upon my cheek,
Again your soft touch lingers on my hair,
And 'mid the glories of the higher life,
Can you forget your own dear loved ones there?
Comes there no whisper from the farther shore
To tell us that we are remembered yet?
Hush the winds, the flowers, the stars,
And echo answers, "they do not forget."

Why did He take the one I loved the best?
My heart rebellious in its grief still cries,
To lead me to my treasure now at rest,
And lift more oft to heaven my longing eyes?
This be my answer, I must be content,
With lonely paths, and memories of your love;
Trusting the blessed presence was but lent,
And will be given to us again above.

E. B. WHEELER.

Health Versus Wealth.

I am only a boy, but I speak from personal observation and experience, for my father is considerably like the man "Shirley" describes. For years he toiled and struggled and stinted to pay for a big farm. Corn must be raised if everything else went to pieces. The result was that while the farm is paid for, my mother's health is wrecked, and ah, what memories did reading "Shirley's" letter recall. But now I blame my mother some. Poverty demands many sacrifices, but not the sacrifice of health and happiness. Then why did she allow herself to be robbed of those heaven sent gifts? How many letters have I read in the BLADE, every word of which breathed of tired heads and aching hearts, born of toil and sorrow without recompense. Dear mothers, don't be down-trodden any longer, but speak out, and let your consorts know that you have some rights and something to say regarding things now and then. I have no doubt that if you will, many a home will be made beautiful that is now an eyesore; many an aching heart will be made happy, and many a family will be bound with a bond of union stronger by far than it has ever known before.

MAYLON.

Erie, Ill.

Farmer's Wives.

Jessamine says, "let the farmer boys marry girls used to farm life." Does Jessamine think there is any harm in city boys marrying farmer girls? I am a young lady born and bred on the farm and yet I expect, before many months pass, to marry a city "boy." And furthermore I have seen ladies who were reared in the City, who make just as good farmer's wives, as those always accustomed to farm labor.

Perhaps Jessamine will not think this is the way to go against her letter, but I think there is no harm in birds of different feather, flocking together occasionally. I am a believer in marrying for love, whether the one we love be of the same nationality as ourselves or not.

CARRY.

Wasecа, Minn.

A New Question to Discuss.

Should a lady obey her parents in all cases relative to her marriage, if not, under what circumstances may she digress?

Not long ago I heard a minister deliver a sermon in which he said marriage should be more of a transaction between parents who have had a chance to learn the trials of marriage from experience, and that unions so contracted are generally happier than those made by the parties themselves. He also said that it is all nonsense for a man to think that there is but one woman in the world for him, but said a man can learn to love any woman that has qualities worthy of his love. Now you have my text before you, let us have your ideas.

"JUVENIS."

A Cheap Refrigerator.

Take a large tight box of the required size, and put some broken blocks on the corners for legs. Then take a small box, leaving a space for at least six inches on the sides and bottom. Place a layer of powdered charcoal, first sawdust or some other good non conductor upon the bottom and set the small box in. Make a bleedy fitting cover for each box. The ice should be placed in the box in some tin vessel, so arranged that the water will run off through the bottom of both boxes. If kept in a cool place, a small quantity of ice per day will be all that is required. E. B. WHEELER.

Receipts.

Will some one give me a good method of keeping eggs, and also one for pickling artichokes.—CLAUDIE. Oregon.

Will some one please tell me how to make good yeast bread, also good pie crust?—E. D. H., Hutchinson, Kan.

Will you please give me a recipe for an egg pickle such as picklers use for large quantities?—H. LEACH, Madison, O.

Will any one please give a recipe for making Graham bread into loaves, and oblige.—MRS. W. H. BOYER, Deland, Ill.

Will some one please give a recipe for making a "hickory-nut cake?" Also a recipe for making blue or black ink on a cheap scale?—BUCKEYE, Columbus Grove, O.

GOOD MOLASSES CAKE.—One pint of New Orleans molasses, one-half pint of water, one teaspoon of soda and two of ginger, one-half pint of lard; mix tolerably stiff with flour and bake in a well heated oven—splendid.—FANNY MCFATTY, Fredericksburg, Ind.

Can you advise me how to get rid of the roaches which get into the bee hives in the Winter and early Spring and eat every particle of honey in the hives, thus destroying the bees? We do not have the movable frames; would they be better.—MRS. A. NELSON, Decatur, Ala.

Will some one please tell me the best way of preparing cauliflower for the table? Also how to put up the mixed pickles that are so nice when we buy them of our groceryman. Where does tapioca come from? Will my friend, C. B. W., send address, and oblige W. T. M. N.?

Will some one give a recipe for making cream pie, also cracker pie? In return I will give a recipe for apple custard pie, which I know is good: One half cup sweet milk, two thirds cup dried apples, mashed fine, two eggs; season with sugar and spice to taste; bake same as milk custard.—VIVIA, Oregon.

BUNS.—Three cups of warm milk, one cup of sugar, one cup of yeast; add flour enough to make a thin batter; let it rise in a warm place over night; in the morning add another cup of sugar, one cup of butter, and more flour, and a cup of fruit; then rise again; then knead it out the same as biscuit and rise again; when light, bake them. This rule will make fifty or sixty buns.—ADON, Mass

Some one asked some time ago how to wash black calico so it would not look linty. I will state my way, and will say from experience it will come out looking nice and bright as new. Wash in water where nothing else has been washed, rinse the same way, and for starching dip in sweet milk; it will make it stiff enough and not leave any stain. Will some one please tell me how to get rid of the little striped bugs that eat the leaves of cucumbers, muskmelons, etc., and oblige. E. F., Oak Grove, Ia.

VINEGAR—One fourth pint hop yeast, one-half pint molasses, five or six pints of warm rain water, put in a jug, shake, put in a warm place near the stove. Good in three weeks.

GRAHAM MUSH.—Stir flour slowly in boiling water, make it thin, simmer slowly one-half or three fourths of an hour, stir often; if it gets too thick add boiling water. Eat with butter, cream and sugar, as suits the taste best

GRAHAM GEMS.—Mix flour with cold water to a stiff batter; have iron gem pan on stove, very hot, put butter in, bake three fourths of an hour. A very hot oven is required. Do not use soda or anything else, but just try it. I know whereof I speak. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Another way is to use soda, salt and buttermilk.—JIMMY JONES, Wakeeney, Kas.

I am delighted with the recipes in the Household of May 20. Intend to use Mrs. Saunder's receipt for vinegar, will give mine for potato yeast which will keep two months if kept in a cool place. Put in a pan four tablespoonfuls flour, one of salt and one cup of sugar. Then boil in two quarts of water, one handful hops and four good sized potatos. When the potatos are done take out and stiff through a cullender into the pan, then stir the whole together and pour on the boiling hop water, let stand till cool, and then add one cup yeast.

Good cookies without eggs or milk—One cup shortening, one cup sugar filled with water, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one scant teaspoon saleratus, mix with sufficient flour to roll out, season to taste.—A. C.

In reply to "Pinery Cook's" request, of May 20th, I will send her a recipe for eggless Fruit Cake: One cup molasses, one cup sugar, two cups buttermilk, two cups raisins, one cup butter, two teaspoonfuls saleratus, one teaspoonful of cloves, alspice and cinnamon.

I will also send one for eggless Cookies: Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup buttermilk, one half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful lemon essence.

EGGLESS GINGER BREAD.—One cup molasses, two-thirds of a cup of boiling water, four tablespoonfuls butter (or lard) one tablespoonful ginger one heaping teaspoonful soda.

GOOD FRIED CAKES.—One cup sugar, one cup sour cream, one egg, one half teaspoonful salt, one half nutmeg, one small teaspoonful saleratus (or omit the cream) and use one-half cup butter milk and one cup lard.

Will some sister tell me how to make cheese with new milk and rennet? Also to can peas and have them keep good.

I have a recipe for Brown's Bronchial Troches, and some excellent liniment, good for man or beast. Also, for sore throat, gatherings in the head, etc. If any one should want them, I would gladly furnish them at some future time.—Mrs. C. M. S., Canandaigua, N. Y.

Mistaken.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, as described by M. Sarcey in the *Dix Neuvieme Siecle*, has not the most exquisite manners. He says that the Prince of Wales presented the King of Greece to her behind the scenes the other evening, simply calling him "My brother in law." "Mlle Bernhardt," says M. Sarcey, "bowed her acknowledgments, and while the Prince went to congratulate the other actors she remained tete-a-tete with the King; but she was not aware that she was talking to a King. She called him 'Monsieur' all the time, and talked right and left in her usual cavalier style. But time pressed and she had to return to the dressing room. 'Well,' said her colleagues to her, 'what do you think of the King of Greece?' 'What do you mean—what King of Greece?' she inquired. 'The King of Greece with whom you have just been talking,' was the reply. 'What! it was the King of Greece! it was a King!' and away she ran down stairs to see the Prince of Wales. 'Ah! Prince,' she exclaimed, "it was treachery on your part not to tell me it was the King of Greece.' 'But I told you it was my brother-in-law,' answered his Royal Highness; to which the actress rejoined: 'Your brother-in-law! But how was I to know? It might have been a tallow merchant!' And away she darted back to the dressing room, leaving the Prince nonplussed. You may think the English have been shocked at this. Nothing of the kind; they forgive everything in this spoiled child."

Pertinent Application of an Old Story.

Albany Journal (Rep.)

A fellow once walked out of a store in Gloucester with a fish which he had stolen tucked under his vest. He hadn't gone far with his plunder before he was brought to a halt by a shrewd passer by, who asking in the situation at a glance, exclaimed, "See here, my friend, you ought either to wear longer vests or steal shorter fish." The Democratic party, now that Hancock is nominated, are ardent in their love for the boys in blue, and are fond of dwelling upon sundry great battles of the war in which their candidate figured. But either the war record of the party ought to be longer than it is or else the party's present display of affection for the soldier ought to be shorter than it is.

Mixed Piety.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

An old farmer on a Hudson River train this morning was heard to exclaim to a friend: "It was d—d hot last night, but corn was growing all the time, thank G. d."

Our Young Folks.

A BIRD STORY

It's strange how little boys' mothers
Can find it all out as they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty
Or says anything that's not true;
They'll look at you just a moment
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about—
For a little bird tells!

Now where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage
Or black as the king of the crows,
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven
Or clear as tha ringing of bells,
I know not—but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Are angry or sullen or hateful,
Get ugly or stupid or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of a closet
Where nobody sees but a mouse!
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house,
You may be in the dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter! Wherever it happens
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little bird tells!

—*Wide Awake.*

The Quarrel of the Dandelion and the Violet.

BY MISS BELLE SPAER.

One afternoon this Summer, as I came through the pasture from Uncle John's, I walked along close to the fence, humming to myself and thinking of dear old Aunt Jane's last words to me, "Yes, yes, child, when you are as old as I am you'll find it has paid you to be as kind to other folks as the Good Book teaches us." I was wondering if I was ever to grow as old and bent as Aunt Jane; dear, old, patient, gentle Aunt Jane. Everybody loved her, for she had such a shining face, and such a kind voice. I was startled to hear a squeaking voice cry out:

"Oh, you think you're such a beauty, don't you? Smarty! Smarty!"

Turning every way to see who could be talking so loud and saucily, I couldn't see any one. I thought to myself it must be some boys playing truant over there in the fence corner. It was an old "stake and rider" fence, such as we see in some of these Central States. I walked on a little ways, no boys in the fence corner, no boys behind the big elm, and I was beginning to think I had heard a ghost, when a little jerky voice, right near where I had stood before spoke up:

"Yes, you hateful thing, you try to make people think you're so modest, by hanging down your head all the time. Didn't I see you straighten up and look round when you saw that handsome bumble bee calling on me? I suppose you thought he'd notice such a dark, ugly thing as you are."

"Well; I don't stand and stare up at the sun and into people's faces, as much as to say, 'look at me, ain't I fine? and that's what you do."

"I don't either!"

"You do, too!"

I was so shocked, for who do you think it was that I found quarreling so terribly? Why, growing side by side, right there at my feet, was a lovely violet and a bright faced dandelion. Just think of it!

I always supposed the violet was a most peaceable flower, and I never before heard of its quarreling with its neighbors. The dandelion family, I am sure, are noted for their sweet tempers, for they are always smiling, even on the rainiest days. I have heard that rain only makes their faces brighter.

But now the dandelion made horrid faces at the violet, and in return the violet tossed its head and looking very angry. There they stood, too angry to speak, so they just eyed each other exactly as I have seen our old cat and Carlo, the dog, when there was but one bone, and both were determined to have it.

Presently along came a great "blue bottle" fly, singing to herself, and down she flew right beside the dandelion.

"Why, how do you do?" said the fly; "really, you look so pale, are you sick?"

"No," replied the dandelion; "but I am so angry at that hateful violet across the road there."

"Indeed, and what has it said to make my beautiful dandelion so angry?"

You see Mrs. Fly was one of those kind of flies that don't stay at home very much, but goes gossiping round, making trouble between people who are silly enough to listen to or talk with her. I thought I never had seen a meaner fly. She came up close to the dandelion, and patted it, and whispered something to it. I could only understand a part of what she said; but it was something about the family of the violet being considered a very low mean family.

Then the dandelion told the fly all about the quarrel; but I was surprised that it didn't tell one of the mean things it had said to the violet, only those things the violet had said to it. Do you know it reminded me of some boys and girls who only know one side of a quarrel when the teacher questions them about the matter.

And then I have really seen grown up boys and girls, even as large as Uncle George and his wife, Aunt Emma, who sometimes get into fusses like this, and both of them say that the other is to blame, not he. I wondered if the flowers had taught the bugs and bees to quarrel, and if the bees taught it to the birds, and the birds to the squirrels, and the squirrels to us. I felt so ashamed that I had ever quarreled and made faces when I was a little girl, for now I could see how silly I must have looked.

But it was growing late, so I hurried on home. Just as I crossed the footpath by the pasture gate, I saw a fly, a big "blue bottle," sitting beside a pink and white Spring beauty. You know those pretty Spring flowers that come so early, just after the snows have gone. It was that same gossiping fly, and I saw it laughing and holding its sides, then it would lean over and whisper something in the spring beauty's ear. Just as I passed I heard it say: "That horrid yellow dandelion is the proudest thing I ever saw, don't you think so? And they are all a common set."

I sadly felt sorry for the dandelion and the violet to think they had both been so foolish.

I'm sorry I heard that quarrel, for I always remember it every time I see the pretty yellow flowers in our back yard, and whenever little Joe brings me a bunch of violets. I told little Joe all about what I had seen and heard, as we sat together on the veranda last evening, and he said boys often fuss about nothing. He told me that just the day before two boys had a fight because one had said the other went fishing and caught a water dog, and called it an eel so they had a fight to decide it, and then it wasn't decided. That seemed so silly to me. Some people say it is a boy's nature to fight. Well, I can't see why it shouldn't be a girl's nature, too. And you know how we would dislike quarreling, fighting girls.

The Rovering's Fourth.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

It had been arranged for weeks beforehand, and the whole family were delighted with the novelty of the proposition. Mrs. Rovering suggested it on the evening of Decoration Day, as she and Mr. Rovering and Edward and Edgar sat at the supper table, with patriotic appetites after their long tramp to and from the soldier's graves.

"I think," Mrs. Rovering began, as she buttered a biscuit for Edgar—"I think we had better commemorate the Fourth in a manner that will not so weary us as to day has done.

The good lady always made use of those words which it seemed she must have gone to the dictionary and picked out before she began to speak.

"Oh, pa, how many crackers will you give us this year?" burst out Edward.

Mr Rovering was in the fire-works business, which fact had always been a source of the greatest satisfaction to his sons, and an awful trial to his wife, who every night expected to see him brought home in a scattered condition on a stretcher.

"What do you say to our not participating in the annual picnic, as it always rains and the silver-plated ware's mislaid, the ants get into the sugar, and the boys into the pond?—what do you say to foregoing the enjoyment of these sylvan delights, and spending the day in town? We should thus have an opportunity of observing to how great an extent explosives are used here, and you could then guage your manufacture of the articles accordingly. Aha! I have it!" added the inventive lady, after a moment's reflection. "We'll take the line of cars running entirely around the city, and so we'll be sure of viewing all sides of the question."

"The very thing!" exclaimed her husband.

In due course the famous national holiday arrived, and at about nine o'clock in the morning the family sallied forth on their memorable expedition. The two Eds went first, hurling torpedoes as if they were trade marks, and now and then touching off a cracker, after having assured themselves that there was no policeman near. Then came the father and mother, arm in arm, under a great cotton umbrella, which Mrs. Rovering always insisted should be carried during their excursions, for fear rain might come on and spoil the silk one.

On reaching the corner where they were to take the car, a discussion arose as to which direction they should go.

"It doesn't make a particle of difference, so long as we get off," affirmed Mr. Rovering.

"Well, then," rejoined the originator of the expedition, "let's take whichever car comes first." And this decision would certainly have finally disposed of the matter if at that instant Edward had not shouted, "Oh, ma, here's a car coming up!" and Edgar, "Oh, pa, here's a car coming down!" and if, moreover, these two cars had

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Canada Thistles.

A reader of the *Prairie Farmer* at Oak Park, in this County, writes us as follows:

"I think it is about time that the attention of some one should be drawn to the fact that several of the vacant blocks in the City of Chicago are overrun with the Canada thistle; they flower, ripen their seeds and scatter them. I have noticed a very interesting patch near Central Park at Oak Park. I know of a patch about a quarter of an acre doing splendidly—will produce seed enough for a State. I think we have a State officer to attend to this pest, but where he resides, or what his duties are, I do not know. I will furnish any one that wishes it with the information where four large patches may be seen, and I have no doubt but 50 could be found if they were to be looked after. I know they ought to be stamped out, and I also know they will not be unless it is brought to the attention of some one whose business it is to see to it. Parties owning the land on which they are growing probably do not know anything about the nature of the weed."

Notwithstanding the law upon the subject provides severe penalties for neglecting to destroy Canada thistles, it is evident that in many localities these pests are multiplying rapidly. The *Prairie Farmer* has not failed to call attention to this matter every year, and often several times during a single season, and we know that in numerous instances its warnings have been heeded. But where one, two or more men in a neighborhood work faithfully to kill out these noxious plants, others in the same vicinity permit them to grow; and thus they multiply and overrun one or more farms, whence their downy seeds are carried by the wind to the other farms where honest efforts are annually made to kill them out. The justice of the law is apparent; but if it is not enforced, and negligent farmers and others pay no attention to its provisions, of what use is it on the statute book? There are, perhaps, a few men now who respect the law and comply with its requirements simply because it is a law of the land; but the motive in a majority of cases is the better one inspired by a desire for clean farms.

The *Prairie Farmer* has often described this pest and its habits. That it is one of the very worst among noxious growths, all who are familiar with it admit. Its tenacity of life is remarkable, and is explained by the fact that when the plant is cut down or pulled up, the end of each rootlet retains the germ of another plant. By persistent efforts only, can this pest be destroyed. Of this family of plants the largest number are annual or biennial, and are, therefore, easily destroyed; but this particular pest is perennial, having powerful creeping roots, roots, first going down below the ordinary depth that land is plowed and extending horizontally in every direction, which thence send up branches to the surface. Unless means are employed to destroy these growths the soil soon becomes full of their roots and their extermination becomes very difficult.

Various methods have been tried in getting rid of this thistle, but the most successful yet tried is careful summer fallowing, followed the next year or two with crops requiring cultivation. This has been repeatedly successful, while other methods have generally failed.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Selecting and Rearing Brood Sows.

A brood sow should be a good milker. However good in other respects, if deficient in this, she should hardly be retained as a breeder. An abundance of milk for the first eight or 10 weeks of their existence is the best preparation young pigs can have to fit them for profitable growth in after life. It is not always possible to decide with certainty whether or not a young sow will prove to be a good milker; but as with cows, so with pigs, we may learn from observation and trial to know in some degree, judging from their general appearance, what to expect. Much will depend upon the dam and grand dam in this regard. Milking qualities in swine are as surely transmissible to progeny as in cattle. Thus it is as true of swine as of cattle that this trait may be greatly improved by retaining only good milkers for breeders, as well as by feeding them when young with a view to their development as milk producers rather than as fat producers. For this reason Spring and early Summer litters are usually the best from which to select young brood sows. They can be kept through the Summer almost entirely on grass, which, if abundant and in variety, will make them grow nicely, and at the same time the exercise required in grazing will keep them in good health and thrift. By the time cold weather comes on and corn has to be fed, they will have become nearly old and large enough for service. But even after this, continued care must be taken that too much corn or other fat-producing food should not be given them. We must, however, bear in mind that at this period all animals naturally lay up fat which afterwards goes to enrich the milk. Hence, while they should not be allowed to become over-fat, they should yet be so fat as to supply this demand of nature, and to retain the general health and vigor of the system.

When they have dropped their first litter the most they will need for the first five or eight days will be cooling drinks and very little rich food. Wheat bran scalded and then thinned with cold water, to which may be added a handful of ship stuff or middlings, may be given. In ten days or two weeks the richness of the food may be gradually increased, great care being taken, however, both as to the quality and quantity, that these changes may not injure the health of the sow or so affect her as to cause scours in the pigs. It is a very common mistake in feeding sows having young pigs to give them too much strong food when the pigs are quite young.

It is not until the pigs are some three or four weeks old that they really begin to tax the sow heavily. Then it is that the sow should be liberally and regularly fed on good, nutritious milk-producing food, and at the same time the young pigs should be taught to feed by themselves at a trough out of the reach of the sow. If thus managed, both sow and pigs are benefited. The strength of the former is kept up, and her disposition to produce an abundance of good, rich milk is so encouraged as to fix this as one of the best traits of her nature, while the pigs, by the extra food given them, make a corresponding rapid growth, and that at a comparatively small cost.

Young cows brought up in the manner suggested, and thus cared for with their first litters may be depended upon to do as well or better with their meat, provided they have anything like fair treatment. In case, however, a sow fails to prove herself a good milker, after a fair trial, she should be replaced by one of better promise, unless for some special purpose it is thought best to retain her.—*Berkshire Bulletin.*

The Culture of the Rose.

Among other most excellent articles in the June number of *Scribner's Monthly*, is the following on the propagation of roses: Every rose will not come from the slip. Of the three great divisions into which the rose family is separated, viz., the damask, the noisette and the tea, the last two may be propagated with more or less readiness from the slip, or by budding; the first only by dividing the roots, and planting the seed, which latter method is resorted to, however, only when it is desired to obtain new varieties.

The best season for taking rose slips is in June, just after the profuse bloom of early Summer is over, although a person who knows exactly how to cut a slip may get good cutting throughout the warm months. Judgment and discernment are needed for the selection at all seasons. I know a generous lady who sends her friends immense armfuls of bougas with hardly a real cutting upon them. One should choose from a good vigorous branch of last years growth a fresh shoot containing two or three buds, such as will always be found more or less swollen at the base of the leaf stems. It should be cut from the parent branch diagonally, with a smooth clean cut that will bring off a little of the old bark as well, in order to make the condition as favorable as possible for the formation of roots.

Have ready a box or pot of rich mold. With a round, pointed stick, make a hole several inches deep, and fill it up with clean sand; insert the end of the slip in this sand to the depth of one or two inches; be sure to make it firm in the soil, and the sand acting as a percolator for moisture, you may keep your slip well watered. You can soon see, by the swelling of the buds and the dropping off of the old leaves whether the slip is indeed taking root, but do not attempt to remove it to the place where you would wish it permanently to remain, until it has put out several set of new leaves.

An ingenious way to raise a set of slips has been recommended by Mrs. Loudon, which we have tried with unvarying success. It is to take an earthenware flower pot, gallon size, and fill it more than half full of broken potsherds, pebbles, bits of slate, or such things; now set in the middle, on top of these refuse materials, another similar flower pot, half pint size, with the hole at its bottom stopped up tightly with a cork; let its mouth be even with that of the larger, outer one; fill up the interstices with silver sand or other pure sand, and set in a row of slips all around, cut according to the directions given above. Keep the inner pot full of water all the time. In about six weeks your slips will have fine roots and can be potted. A hand glass always hastens the process of rooting, and enables you to take advantage of the sunshine, but if you are not provided with one, be careful to keep your plants in the shade until they show certain signs of independence of life. Roses need very rich soil to bring them to perfection; thriving best in a mixture of well rotted manure, sand and garden loam, and to stint them of nourishment is indeed poor economy.

The Western Grazing Business.

For some 15 to 20 years the business of grazing cattle in the West (speaking in a general sense,) has become of commanding interest, involving large capital. In Texas, Kansas, portions of Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, Nebraska, and even the Territories of Wyoming and Colorado, the business is rapidly increasing. Texas, especially, by extending this interest over an immense area of country, and building up a trade that bids fair to rival that in Western wheat. It is already the leading interest in Texas and Kansas, and has arrested the progress of grain culture in Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, and bids fair to cover an area of 1 000 000 square miles of territory. The inducement that leads to this is the ascertained fact that a stock-farmer can double his money in 20 months in cattle, and he cannot possibly do as well in any other way. Cattle, like most other stock, multiply rapidly when left free, with ample pasture at all seasons, and not bred on too freely for the market. Horses that have run wild on the plains have multiplied into immense droves and are considered a nuisance. The bison multiplies in the same way, with all its enormous destruction. But domestic cattle are not allowed to run wild. This trade has become of such importance as to have acquired the command of the domestic hide and leather market, and even to have already established an export trade in hides and leather.

The grazing district of the West extends from British America to Mexico, and is invaluable in extending our settlements and furnishing business for our new railways. It is already far ahead of all other cattle regions, and if the trade keeps on interruptedly, America will become as famous for beef, hides, tallow, glue and leather as she is already for cotton, wheat, corn, pork and lard. A few years ago Texas alone reported some 4 000 000 head of cattle. What the present aggregate is in the whole region we can't say.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Management of Poultry in Summer.

The editor of the New England *Farmer* gives the following advice:

"Many have an idea that, although hens do need care in Winter, when the weather is cold and water freezes in their pens, it is not at all necessary to pay any attention to them in Summer. But this is a mistake, under any circumstances. On the farm where hens have unlimited range, these may not be any particular attention given during the Summer months. But when kept in small quarters in towns and villages, the poultry need far more attention during the warm months of Summer than they possibly need in Winter. In Summer, vermin abounds; the pens and runs become costed over with droppings; ventilation is needed; clean, fresh water must be supplied, and wholesome food furnished in such quantities that it will not become stale and uneaten in the pens. To attend to all these things requires time and care; but without time and care what profit or success comes in any line of effort? Eggs fall off during the very hot weather of Summer, in consequence of the unfavorable conditions of the season, unless these conditions are met and overcome by proper attention. This being the case, the hens are healthy and the number of eggs is kept up—two results which always follow good care.

Remember, then, that the best economy of the poultry yard demands that it have daily care throughout the heated months. Fresh water given daily, a change of food, and a constant watch that an oversupply be not given at any time; fresh grass and sods placed in the yards at intervals of a few days; abundant ventilation of the pens must be given; the droppings kept cleaned up; the perches occasionally coated with a mixture of lard and sulphur; dust baths furnished, and a thorough watchfulness. Towards night—say during these long days, at four or 6 o'clock P. M.—turn the hens from their pens and give them the benefit of a legstretching in the garden and among the grass or fruit trees. While they are enjoying this airing, get a spade and dig over the earth in the pens. It will be a good exercise, and the next morning the hens will think they have new quarters. Attention to these things will yield health to the hens, and a good supply of eggs for the family right through the hot weather.

Defective Book Keeping.

There is a tramp who haunts the east end of Galveston who has got it down fine. He has reduced it to a perfect system. He has his regular customers, so to speak. He knocked at the door of a house. The owner came out. As soon as he saw the tramp he said: "Now, look here, last week I gave you a nickel to stay away for ten days, and here you are back again." The tramp put his hand to his forehead and was lost in thought for several minutes. Then he said, "You are right, Colonel. Your regular assessment is not due yet for a week. When I get back to my counting room I'll pay off my head book keeper and discharge him. He has neglected to give you the proper credit on the ledger." "Well, go on now." "All right, Colonel. This is not a professional call; it is only complimentary. No extra charge." It was a Galveston tramp, too, who grumbled when he was asked to take a dime out of a quarter. He said that the year previous he had been out $50 by losses in making change.

The Next Congress.

Chicago Tribune.

Altogether there is a fair prospect that the Republicans will gain a score of Congressmen next fall at least, and thus snatch the power for mischief from the Democratic majority.

GARFIELD'S LETTER.

How it is Received by the Press of Both Parties.

The Real Republican Platform.

Cincinnati Gazette.

No abler or clearer exposition of true Republican principles than this letter of acceptance of the Republican standard bearer has yet appeared. It shows him to be in entire accord with his party on all essential questions. It marks out the line upon which the campaign will be projected, and it will, if we mistake not, be accepted as the real Republican platform of 1880.

Needs No Interpreter.

Columbus Journal.

Gen. Garfield's letter will need no interpreter, for it is incapable of a double construction. The language used, while scholarly and elegant, is within the comprehension of the humblest capacity.

Hits the Independent Voter.

Indianapolis Journal.

It is a paper that reflects honor upon its author, and will strengthen him not only with his own party, but with that large element of independent thinking voters who ally themselves with no party but seek honesty, without restriction from partisan bias, to so cast their ballots as to advance the best interests of the Nation and the people.

Has the Right Ring.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The *Inter Ocean* can most heartily indorse Gen. Garfield's letter of acceptance. It is a pleasure to read it, and a pleasure to commend it. It has a ring that will inspire confidence, excite animation, and do much toward starting the campaign on the road to triumphant success.

Sensible and Patriotic.

Dayton Journal.

* * * The clear and able presentation of Republican principles which is made, will be gratifying to all the people. Fortunately, Gen. Garfield is able to point to his record in Congress as affording abundant evidence of his devotion to the doctrines which the platform of the Convention announces.

* * * The letter of acceptance will commend Gen. Garfield more strongly than ever to the support of every lover of his country.

Creditable on the Whole.

Chicago Times.

Mr Garfield's letter is, on the whole, a creditable document, as such documents go. It is ambiguous, but so are all political deliverances nowadays. It evades many questions and whips the devil skillfully around the stump, but straight forwardness and vigor of statement are not to be hoped for in utterances which must stand as party platforms in the present degraded state of our politics. When the two great parties are both engaged simply in the lofty task of juggling the people out of their votes and not in looking for great ideas, we can not expect to find any great ideas, unambiguously and nobly stated, in the formal utterances of the party leaders.

Clearness, Force and Vigor.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Gen. Garfield's letter of acceptance is precisely such a document as might have been expected from a man of ability and experience, suddenly placed in a position of great responsibility, and called upon for the most important public utterance which can be demanded of any man. He responds with clearness, force and vigor in a letter which is in every way creditable to him, both as a literary production and as a political exposition.

While indorsing the platform heartily and as a whole, Gen. Garfield, in remolding some of its ideas in his own thoughts and words, adds greatly to its value as a political chart. Read in the light of his interpretation there is much more significance to some of the "planks" than can be derived from the cold and formal declarations of the original. On the tariff question, for instance, what he says, is both true and novel—that the founders of the Government intended to provide for the common defense, not alone by raising armies, but by encouraging the growth, of an army of artisans, whose skillful products should be our best defense. This idea is well illustrated and is sufficiently elaborated to bring it within the scope of popular comprehension.

The Independent Lay.

Cincinnati Commercial.

It is a good document—one that has been closely studied, and the well considered phrases of which are marked by unusual energy of thoughtfulness and felicity of expression. We suppose, from what General Garfield says, that he must have read the Chicago platform, or, at least, is fully persuaded that he has been able to do so. In this, we have to confess, he had the advantage of us. The guarded statement that General Garfield makes, that he is in agreement with that platform "on nearly all the subjects," implies not only reading, but comprehension; and we are glad to learn that the candidate has been able to coincide, in a great measure, with the principles supposed to be laid down. * * * He proceeds to state strongly the National doctrine, giving it, as belongs to it, the primary place. In a word, he spells Nation with a big N. Next in order is the importance of preserving the freedom in politics of the Southern people who were emancipated through the war. This is urged with emphasis and feeling and apparently the consciousness that the perfect work can not be done immediately. It is time that, under the Constitution, they are fighting the battles of freedom.

In Harmony With the Platform.

Chicago Journal.

The letter should be read, preserved and re-read by every voter, and it is safe to say that it will form the basis of a great deal of political reflection. The better class of men who are not tied to any party will give it careful attention, and when Gen. Hancock comes out with his letter they will be critically compared, both in details and general scope. Whoever may write that forthcoming letter, it will be, even more than the Cincinnati resolutions, the platform of Hancock. Having no record beyond "Military Order No. 40," he must define himself very plainly. Until that document makes its appearance the Garfield letter can be viewed only in its own light, and the light of the author's political record. That the one interprets the other, and that the two are in perfect harmony, is both indubitable and peculiarly reassuring.

It is with great propriety that Gen. Garfield gives the chief prominence to the doctrine of State Supremacy in its vital bearing on the protection of the citizens in his right to vote. The Democratic platform tries to cover up this issue; but, in view of familiar facts at the South and in Congress, this attempt is all folly. His reference to finance betrays no disposition to trim, and dodge sharp corners, but he gives no occasion to apprehend any change whatever in our monetary system. He has no crotchet to carry out. He takes a common-sense view of this as of every other question discussed.

A Bold, Bad Letter.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

The letter of acceptance of Gen. Garfield repudiates an unnamed portion of the Chicago platform on which he was nominated; plainly seeks to make the issue of the campaign one of centralization against civil liberty; waves the bloody shirt behind a transparent screen; demands that the Executive Department of the Government shall elect the Congress of the people; paves the way for the emigration of negros to the States where their votes are needed; talks of schools that are beyond the jurisdiction of the Federal Government; bids for the votes of soldiers whose Arrears of Pensions bill found an enemy in him; divides his pleasant words upon the question of a protective tariff between the Cobden Club, of which Garfield is a member, and his hope of carrying Pennsylvania; compliments the founder of the Democratic party as it speaks of our splendid domain; denounces Gen. Garfield as a hypocrite in mentioning the Chinese question; and actually has the audacity to allude to Civil Service Reform while Arthur is at the tail of the Presidential ticket. This is the substance, this is the essence of the letter of acceptance.

Plain-Spoken, Honest and Courageous.

New York Tribune.

Gen. Garfield's letter of acceptance is like the man—plain-spoken, honest and courageous, animated with a genuine love of liberty, and an unfailing sympathy with all that tends to the progress of his country. It cannot fail to strengthen him in the minds of all those who want to see a statesman always in the President's chair, and above all a statesman whose great abilities are under the firm guidance of an unwavering moral courage, who believes that the truth can be told in politics, and who, in stating to the American people the views upon which, as the representative of a great party, he will ask their support, scorns to stoop to the prevarications and sinuous evasions which made the letter of the Democratic candidate of four years ago, for example, a mere juggle of words.

TO THE BOYS.

A Visit to Central Park—The Animals to be Seen There—Description of the Buffalo and Opossum—The Stork on One Leg—Several Marvelous Snake Stories.

NEW YORK, July 16.

Editor Toledo Blade.

There is a little man who is a great newspaper boy in your City, and he desires me to write him a long letter about something for boys. I knew this little boy in Vienna, Austria, and there he associated with a great many doctors and so he called nimself Doctor Morio, and from the fact that I heard him sometimes called "*Bello Mario*." I am of the opinion that he is possibly an Italian. While in Vienna he always wanted me to tell him bear stories, and I tried so hard to keep a stock of good bear stories on hand that it really became hard work, and like the old ladies' knitting, got so that it racked every bone in my body to supply them as fast as he wanted them.

All boys I believe want to hear about wild animals, and possibly I can tell them something of interest about the animals in Central Park.

It was a very hot day when I went to the park and I was glad that there was so many shade trees along the paths, for it kept me from getting so hot, and I thought how the boys would be delighted if they could have been with me and could have romped upon the green grass and gathered a few of the wild flowers. I should have asked the boys what kind of trees we were passing, and they would have been able when they returned home to have surprised their parents by telling them that they saw nearly

EVERY KIND OF TREE

which is found in our forests. Not only the various oaks, elms, sycamore and other large trees, but the iron-wood, the water beech, the dog wood and the burning bush, and in addition, many foreign trees, and among these, the black beech, from France, which adds greatly to the variety and much to the beauty of the landscape. I wonder if all the boys will remember that we ought to plant every kind of tree in our cities and parks so that all the trees will be saved and perpetuated for the benefit of the little boys who live a hundred years from now. I earnestly request them to plant the buckeye tree for it's the only one which I remember to have failed to find in Central Park.

Boys, did you ever see a buffalo? I expect not, because the wild animal which we have out West, though generally called a buffalo, is not, but our showmen find it less expensive to keep him than the true buffalo. New York City is very rich and keeps the true buffalo and he is much larger than the so-called buffalo in this country, and differs not only in size but in shape as well. He is much higher at the fore shoulders and has a very large head which is covered with very long, thick curly hair and he has long whiskers on his chin.

But there was a much smaller animal in a cage near by that interested me very much. It was about as high and as long as a large cat but its body was larger. It was of a dark gray color and had a tail long and thin and without any hairs on it at the outer third and it is said to hang by its tail sometimes when up in a tree. Can any of the boys guess what it was? Try again. It had a kind of pocket just below its fore legs when it stood up on its hind feet, in which it can carry its young ones when they are small. How many have guessed the opossum, which runs wild in your woods? This one had six little young ones and this was the first time that I ever saw the opossum with a family, and they were too large to care to run into a pocket to hide, but everybody was interested in seeing them play like kittens.

There was another animal which had two long legs, and I think all the boys would say they were red, although some of them might call them pink. He had a long neck like the letter "S" and he was covered with feathers, which one might say were white if it was not for the reddish pink color which shaded them. Did I hear some little boy say that he was not an animal but a bird? How is that? Ask papa and mamma. What kind of a bird, can you guess? He stands a long time on one leg, and they say that

HE SLEEPS STANDING UP

and I think that it is true, but it is the strangest thing that he sleeps while he is standing on one leg. Sometimes the horse sleeps while he is standing, but he does not try to stand on any less than four legs. This bird can't sing, and they say that he can't talk. The only noise he makes in the world is when he shuts his mouth with a kind of a slam, just the same way that we do at times when we shut the door in a hurry.

I expect that some of you have already guessed that I'm writing about a Stork. Some people think him a very aristocratic bird, because he never talks; but there is another reason why he might be called aristocratic, and that is because he makes his headquarters and chief home at Baden-Baden, in Europe, the greatest Summer watering place, where kings and queens and all the aristocratic people go to spend the Summer. All the people there appear to like the Stork, because he is very quiet, never gets in the way, and never talks about his neighbors. They stand on top of the houses, and often build their nests upon the top of the chimney, and when the little ones are large enough and cold weather comes they all fly away off to Africa and Asia.

The one which I saw stood so still on on one leg and the other leg stretched way back behind him, that I thought he must be standing for his photograph and I waited for him to get through and put his foot down. I waited and waited and then I went to see the old elephant who is not a very good one and so they have to keep him chained fast by both of his big fore legs and that too in a great iron cage. When I came back I looked at Mr. Stork and there he stood on one leg and one leg sticking back just as he was when I left him. It was a nice shady place and I thought I'd just wait a little while until he put that leg down once. Well, I waited and waited and waited again and got anxious about him and waited and almost held my breath, hoping that he would put that leg down but he didn't. Then I almost wished that I could reach out and pull it down him but I couldn't, and I do believe that it made me weary to see him standing so long on one leg and I had to come away with the Stork standing on one leg and whenever I think of him I see his pinkish white feathers and his long S shaped neck and his big clapper mouth shut and his standing in Central Park on one red leg and the other leg stretched out behind him. Did you ever go the Concert boys? O, of course you have, for I have heard even here in New York that you had in Toledo a great Musical Festival this Spring, and how the manager got musicians to come from all over the country to make the music and then didn't pay them.

But I heard a concert worth talking about. You see they had all had their own dinner of beefsteak and bones and were feeling pretty good when the oldest tiger said I can sing solo and then the lion said, so can I sing solo, and while they were trying their best three more lions picked themselves up and began to walk around in their cages singing so low that most people felt inclined to run away from the concert, but I remained to hear their thorough-bass finished and I'm inclined to think that you would have said that that

THOROUGH BASS CONCERT

was fearful. Although it was the greatest amount of noise I ever heard from five throats, yet I am of the opinion that the Ox can make a note of greater volume than the lion and one too that can be heard a greater distance.

In one of the cages I saw a number of eagles—the bald eagle, which is spoken of as the American eagle. One of them was very large, and spread himself out as if on exhibition, and I should think that his wings from tip to tip measured not less than eight feet. During the late war one of the Wisconsin regiments had one of these birds for a pet and he went with them into many fights and battles, and returned from the war crowned with honor. I met him upon his return from the war, at Chicago, and he was introduced to me as "Old Abe." We again met at the Centennial, in Philadelphia, when "Old Abe" looked as young as ever. Who knows but he may live to celebrate the next Centennial?

In another cage were some animals which had two eyes, no ears that I could see, and no legs or feet, only a head with a large mouth, and a long body which tapered off into a long slim tail. How many boys can tell me his name? Yes, you are right; it was a snake—a great big black snake. Very few people like snakes, though there are some men who make friends of them and live with them as if the greatest friendship existed between them

I wonder if any boys like snake stories? I don't like to tell snake stories very much, but in order that you may know something about the nature of snakes, I will venture to tell something. When I was a boy about 14 years old I frequently found snakes of different kinds, and I was not afraid of them, but would run after them and catch them by the tail, and give them a sling as far as I could, sometimes up into a tree and sometimes far away upon the hard ground. There is no danger in this, for very few snakes in the West are dangerous as to their bite, and none of them can move their head up to their tail when one is swinging them around a circle. But one day I heard a singular crying noise in the grass near where I was plowing, and upon close investigation I found a little garter snake trying to swallow a toad much larger than himself, and already he had it almost half inside of himself, and the poor toad was suffering great fright and terror and great pain while the snake was trying to slip himself over or on the outside of the toad. It made me so mad that I

KILLED THE SNAKE

and set the toad at liberty, and seeing a great bunch in the middle of the snake I cut him open and found that he had just swallowed one quite as large as the one which I had released. The peculiar smell which was developed from cutting the snake open made me feel sick, and disgusted me with snakes. Since that time I have thought it best to kill them on sight.

Once I came upon a rattlesnake on the prairie in Illinois. I knew that the bite of this snake and that of the copperhead was certain death, yet since I had heard that they could jump when mad quite a ways, I thought it a good time to find out how far they could jump, so I took a long lashwhip and tirashed him gently until I got him mad and then instead of trying to run away from me he would coil himself up and prepare for a fight.

His head which before was very round like his body now became flat and his forked tongue was flying in and out of his mouth with great rapidity, and just before he would spring for me he would draw his head way back towards his tail and shake his rattles on his tail and then spring, but I was far out of his reach, for he could not jump more than his length, about four feet. I tormented him quite thoroughly and much sooner than I expected he got discouraged and ceased to show fight and soon turned and bit himself. I had not time to see how long it would be before his own bite would be the cause of his death, but smashed his head with a stone and took off his rattles for a watch charm.

Some years ago a family here in the East had a little girl five years old who went out in the orchard every day with a cup of bread and milk. It had continued thus for some weeks when the parents thought they would like to know what the little one was doing. They soon found her sitting quietly, flat on the ground under an apple tree and in her lap the head of a large black snake, and she feeding a spoonful to herself and then a spoonful to the snake, and when the snake tried to put his head into the cup and help himself she hit him on the head with a spoon and told him to keep his head out of the cup. The friends were greatly frightened, but succeeded in killing the snake without harm to any one except that they thought the snake had by its frequent visits charmed the child so that it lost flesh for some months and grieved for "spotted belly" as it called its charmer, but in time it got new companions and forgot the old one.

Two years ago a farmer in Ohio lost a little girl, and he thought that the Gypsies had carried her off. He followed them, but did not find the child, and every effort failed. A few days ago he lost a large sheep, and seeing a mark on the ground from his field to the woods he followed it, and the marks of blood and tufts of wool on the bushes guided him to a great pile of rocks, into which was a large hole. He put in a blasting charge and after the explosion found his dead sheep and a great blacksnake fifteen feet long and two feet around its body. They found in this den bones by the bushel of animals which had been eaten by the snake, and among them the skull of a child, together with its other bones, and the farmer at once remembered his little Nellie, and many tears testified that he believed that his little darling had been eaten by this monster snake. How sad and painful to go through life always thinking of a darling little child which had perished for want of the strong arm of its parent but for a moment, if at the proper time.

Garfield's Way.

Chicago Tribune.

The Chaplain of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers wrote to the Cleveland *Herald*, January 15, 1862:

Gen. Humphrey Marshall said to Union friends on his retreat from his fortifications and three days before the battle of Prestonburg, that "Garfield, the Yankee had outwitted and outgeneraled him, and there was no use denying it," said he, further: "I have intercepted one of his dispatches, and he knows all about the roads, hills, streams, fortifications, rifle pits, number of my guns, their size, etc.; and has our defenses all mapped off better than we have them in our own camp. And how the d—d Yankee got the facts I can't tell."

Garfield has the habit of learning exactly his enemy's strength, and disposing his own forces accordingly. Before November he will know all the weak spots in the Democratic line, and have his guns trained on them.

An Old-Timer.

Dayton Journal.

Garfield is no eleventh-hour friend of the colored man. Thirty years, more than that, his choice of college was determined by his hatred of slavery. He was an old-fashioned Abolitionist decades of years before John Brown was heard of at all.

A LUMINOUS PAINT.

Something to be Applied to Many Purposes.

A luminous paint has been patented in England. The London *Lancet* thus reports a late lecture on the subject:

Most of our scientific knowledge in regard to phosphorescence is due to the younger Becquerel, whose researches on the subject extend over more than 30 years. The property is a very common one, although more substances emit light only for a very short period of time. It is possessed to a certain extent even by white paper, and by diamonds and rubies with great intensity, though little persistence. Almost all shades of color can be obtained from different preparations, but the rose-violet of Balmain's paint is superior, in brilliancy and duration combined, to all others.

The paint can be mixed either with water or oil. In the latter vehicle it resists the action of water and air in a remarkable manner, and can be applied to an almost indefinit number of purposes. Many of these applications were illustrated at the lecture, luminous sources being the electric light, the electric spark, the magnesium light, ordinary candle, and gaslight, and above all, common diffused dayhght. Among the ornamental articles exhibited were decorative tiles and statuary, clocks, and India rubber balls, the statuary being represented by a brilliantly luminous bust of the Prince Consort. In the more practical class were luminous panes adapted for use in gunpowder and spirit stores, lucifer match-boxes easily visible throughout the night, advertisements of lodgings, inscriptions for postoffices, and the like. The roofs of railway carriages have already been painted with the new material, and the light is said to be quite sufficient for tunnels, although of course, it is not proposed that it shall replace lamps at night. The names of streets may also be advantageously inscribed in luminous paint, and endless other uses suggest themselves.

Most important of all, however, are the proposed uses of the new paint for marine purposes. For example, it is often extremely difficult, and yet absolutely necessary, upon dark nights to distinguish the buoys which mark the channels of harbors and rivers. If the buoys were coated with luminous paint they would be visible throughout the whole or at any rate the greater part of the night. Again, a life-buoy is practically useless on a dark night. The unfortunate man overboard cannot see it; and, however good a swimmer he may be, it is a mere chance if he reaches it or if a boat is liable to pick him up. But the life buoy exhibited at the lecture would be at all times sufficiently luminous to be visible at short distances, and would not guide only the swimmer but the boat's crew. Lastly, a diver in full dress was exhibited, whose helmet and waterproof coat had been painted and illuminated. He looked like a ponderous and unwieldy ghost and emitted an amount of light that would be quite sufficient to guide his operations at the bottom of the water. It was stated, in fact, that the same dress had been worn a day or two before at the bottom of Southampton Dock, and that the diver had been able to distinguish the bolt heads on a ship's bottom with perfect ease.

THE CONTRAST

Between 20 Years of Democratic Rule and 20 of Republican Administration.

Congressman McKinley.

In 1860, after 20 years of Democratic rule, a Government 6 per cent. bond sold, for 89 cents.

In 1880, after 20 years of Republican rule, a loan of $18,000,000 exhausted the market for six months.

At the end of 20 years of Republican rule a loan of $150,000,000 was taken in a single day.

In 20 years of Republican rule we find—

An increase of population of 50 per cent.

An increase of general agricultural exports of 600 per cent.

An increase in exports of bread and breadstuffs of 650 per cent.

An increase of exports of manufactured articles of 225 per cent.

An increase of internal commerce of 700 per cent.

An increase of railway mileage of 187 per cent.

In 1860, after 20 years of Democratic rule, Congress authorized a loan of $25,000,000 to pay current expenses.

In 1880, after 20 years of Republican rule, the Secretary of the Treasury pays $55,000,000 of debt contracted for a war brought on by a solid Democratic South, which now wants power again so as to stop the waving of that bloody shirt the wearing of which is Hancock's chief glory and his whole available stock as a candidate for the Presidency.

In 1860, after 12 years of Democratic rule, the balance of trade against the country was over $20,000,000.

On May 31, 1880, after 20 years of Republican rule, the balance of trade was over $102,000,000 in favor of the country.

Dr. Tanner.

Andrews' Queen.

There was a fat doctor named Tanner,
Who carried the Abstinence banner,
And he murmured "I should
Like to go without food
Forty days, if I thought I could stan' 'er."

Then he tried it. How changed was his manner,
It made quite a shadow of Tanner;
He got awful thin,
And at last he caved in—
And that's what's the matter with Hanner.

A Full Hand.

Dayton Journal.

It is not generally known, but it is true, that within the past year General Garfield has worked on his farm, and made a full hand at that as he does wherever he is put. Most of his life has been spent on the farm, not idly, but when other duties permitted it, earnest farm work has been his greatest enjoyment.

Their Sole Support.

New York Mail.

Sara Bernhardt complains that no man can live on $6 000 a year, all that is allowed by the Comedie Francaise. A woman needs at least $17,000, Sara says, and then she can save nothing for old age. Sara, as is well known, is the sole support of her fatherless family.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Not Great in Marion as It Might Be.

MARION, O., July 16.—A young attorney named C. F. Garberson, knocked down and publicly cowhided Samuel Hume, editor of the Marion Daily Star. Hume is editor of the above named sheet and runs it upon the principle of blackmailing and low personal abuse of members of the community who do not see fit to patronize him.

The immediate cause of the assault this morning is said to have been occasioned by the appearance of an article in yesterday's issue of the paper, in which there were reflections of a very personal character against Mr. Garberson. The meeting this morning was an unexpected and painful one to the editor, who received a number of lashes of the rawhide in the hands of Mr. Garberson. Public sympathy is with the lawyer.

NEW MEXICAN DEVILS.

An Infuriated Mob Hang Three Men, One of Them a Deputy Sheriff.

SANTA FE, July 15.—At Lincoln, in Lincoln County, N. M., July 3d, a young man named Harrison came into town and becoming intoxicated was locked up. At night a mob effected entrance to the jail and killed Harrison, literally riddling his body with bullets. On the night of the 4th a mob again surrounded the jail and killed the Deputy Sheriff, who was implicated in the killing of the night before and had made himself obnoxious to the outlaws. On the night of the 5th the mob again visited the jail, taking out and hanging a prisoner. It is not known what the prisoners' crimes were.

THE NOTIFICATION.

The Replies of Hancock and English.

NEW YORK, July 13.—In reply to the notification of his nomination by the Democratic Committee, Gen. Hancock said:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:—I appreciate the honor conferred upon me by the Democratic National Convention, lately assembled in Cincinnati, and I thank you for your courtesy in mailing that honor known to me. As soon as the importance of matters permit, I will prepare and send to you the formal acceptance of my nomination as President of the United States.

Those present were then introduced to Gen Hancock, who had a few words of welcome for each person. After about 10 minutes had been spent in hand shaking, order was restored and Sen. Stockton, turning to Wm. H. English, who occupied the same position in the room where Gen. Hancock had lately stood, notified Mr English of the letter already published, to which he responded as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: As a practical business man, not much accustomed to indirection of action or circumlocution of speech, I shall say plainly, and in a few words, that I accept the high trust which you have tendered me, with a feeling of profound gratitude. I will at an early date, formally, and in writing, make an acceptance, which I am informed, is usual on such occasions. In doing this I fully realize the great responsibility of the situation, and the care, turmoil, anxiety, misrepresentation and abuse which are certain to follow, and I understand thoroughly that all the resources and power of our political foes, from all parts of the land, will be concentrated against us in Indiana, my native State, where the first grand battle will be fought. Probably the most important of all. But these are great occasions, when the discharge of high patriotic duties are to be considered above all personal consideration, and I shall not disregard the unanimous voice of the representatives of a majority of the American people which you speak for here to-day. (Applause.) I am profoundly grateful for the high honor which has been conferred and have an abiding faith in that, with the favor of God, and of the people, we shall succeed in the contest.

The speaker was applauded at the close of his remarks, and then followed more hand shaking. Shortly afterwards the Committee, and their friends accompanying them, left the Island.

A DARING DESPERADO

Kills Two Men Before He is Slain by a Sheriff's Posse.

CHICAGO, July 16.—The Times has a special detailing exciting events in Carroll County, Ark., by which a thievish tramp and two citizens lost their lives. J. W. Myers, a farmer living in that county, found, upon returning to his house from the fields, that it had been plundered during his absence. He immediately gave chase, and ran the thief down in Scott County, Missouri, where he was stopping over night at the house of Mr. Kimberling, and soon had him covered with a rifle. Then the tramp smilingly said he would surrender, but five seconds later he drew a pistol while his captor was off, his guard, and shot him through the heart. The tramp then escaped back into Arkansas, where the Sheriff and eight men finally ran him down at the house of an old man, supposed to be his father. They surrounded the house, and when he appeared in the door they opened fire simultaneously, causing the dust to fly from his clothes, but not mortally wounding him. He returned their fire with a pistol in either hand, and while they were reloading, took to the fields. The posse followed him, and firing another volley, brought him to the ground, apparently dead. But when one of the party, named Jones, went up to take a look at the most daring man that ever lived, the fellow pointed a pistol directly at his head and fired it. Mr. Jones falling back dead. The desperado, desperately wounded in several places, soon after expired. He is believed to have been concerned in many dark deeds of late in that section.

A DRUNKEN MOB.

Colored Laborers Driven from Their Work in East Atchison, Mo.

ATCHISON, Kan., July 13.—C. H. Peck, contractor for the excavation of the packing house of J. M. Smith, East Atchison, Mo.,

WASHINGTON.

Postoffice Department Rulings—Mockbanker Slayers—Other News.

The following explanation of Attorney General Devens, regarding the statement that he has practically decided that he will not authorize the appointment of any special election deputies in the South at the next election, except perhaps, in Virginia, has been furnished for publication. The special election deputies are appointed by Marshals in their respective districts upon the requisition of citizens in those districts. They are not appointed by the Attorney General, nor by any authority from him. While no provision has been made for the payment of these deputies, it is expected by the Attorney General that should proper application be made to Marshals, under the circumstances stated in the statutes, that they will do their utmost to enforce the election laws, and he deems the claims of such deputies to be hereafter paid for their services clearly recognized by the statutes.

The Postmaster General has issued an order intended to break up the existing practice of certain classes of merchants, manufacturers, inventors and agents, who send, through the mails, printed advertising cards of various shapes and sizes, with one cent postage stamps affixed. Postoffice department officials complain that this practice, which is a growing one has of late become a serious annoyance and hindrance to prompt distribution of mail matter particularly in the railway mail service. The order declares that postal card, furnished by the Postoffice Department, is the only mail matter that will, for the purpose indicated, be transmitted in the mails whether it be printed or written upon at a less rate than three cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof. The order takes effect October 1, 1880.

In the case of Deputy Collectors and Marshals recently arrested in Campbell County, Georgia, for killing one of a party of moonshiners, Commissioner Raum was to day notified by telegraph that Judge Woods, of the United States Circuit Court, has decided that the case is in the United States Courts; that the issue of the warrant by a State Magistrate and arrest under the same is in fact a suit or action begun and such a case can be referred to the United States Courts without waiting for a bill of indictment by the State Grand Jury. The hearing on habeas corpus writs looking to unconditional discharge of Revenue officers, will come up for consideration to-morrow.

The amount of coin now held by the National banks is nearly equal to the total cash reserve required by law.

AFTER HIS WIFE'S PROPERTY.

A Cincinnatian Abducts His Wife and Places Her in a Lunatic Asylum.

CINCINNATI, July 7.—A case of deliberate kidnapping and attempt at incarceration in a lunatic asylum of a sane woman came to light to-day. One W. B King, proprietor of one of the lowest "gin mills" in Cincinnati, and a man of considerable wealth, assisted by a police officer, placed his wife in a close carriage, on last Thursday night, and drove her to College Hill Sanitarium, eight miles from Town, where, at midnight, he handed her over to the asylum authorities as a lunatic. The Superintendent of the asylum pronounced Mrs. King perfectly rational, but by his advice, she remained at the asylum until to-day, when her her sanity was certified to and when, in response to a writ of habeas corpus, served by a Deputy Sheriff, she was brought back to the City. Mrs. King states that her husband has thought to get rid of her in this way and thus obtain full possession of some valuable property which she possesses, and she also states that he is actuated by a desire for revenge, she having at one time filed a complaint against him for cruel treatment. Mrs. King is the mother of two pretty children. Their grief when she was torn away from them and sent to the mad house, is said to have been heartrending. Mrs. King's case is now in the hands of a lawyer.

THE GRIM MONSTER

Stalking Through the Land in Various Guises.

MUNCIE, Ind., July 17.—Yesterday afternoon Salubial Barkly, a farmer, residing in Harrison Township, Delaware County, was struck and killed by lightning, while standing in the doorway of his barn.

FARNSWORTH, O., July 17.—William Richmine, a well-to-do German citizen residing on Seventh street, was killed by lightning yesterday.

LEESVILLE, July 17.—Miss May Sprinkle, of this place, took a large dose of Paris green with suicidal intent, yesterday afternoon.

CLINTON, Ind., July 17.—Arch Robinson became so drunk that he was crazy, quarreled with his wife, accused her of infidelity, and shot, kicked and assaulted her brutally. Being pregnant, she will not recover from her injuries.

SULLIVAN, July 17.—In Cass Township, in the Eastern part of this County, a deadly fight took place between two men, named Pigg and Gabbard. Gabbard cut Pigg in the neck with a hatchet, inflicting a wound that is considered fatal.

FOREIGN CATTLE.

Restrictions on its Importation.

LONDON, July 19.—A large deputation of representatives of the butchers' and cattle associations had an interview to-day with Lord Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of the Council, in regard to restrictions on the importation of foreign cattle. He said he should certainly do all in his power, consistent with the existing law, to facilitate the increase of the meat trade of the country; but that he could not see their way to remove restrictions at present.

At a meeting of the Cattle Trade Deputation, before it waited on Earl Spencer, a resolution was adopted declaring that the restrictions of importation of foreign cattle are arbitrary and unnecessary, and calling on the Government to relax them so far as to allow healthy cattle, after thorough examination, to be sent to inland markets for sale and immediate slaughter. Arthur Arnold, Member of Parliament, referring to a motion he intends to make on the subject in the House of Commons, urged the Deputation to impress upon their Representatives the necessity of supporting it. He deprecated the action of the late Government in including the United States among the infected countries, and pointed to the significant fact that the importation of live cattle from America had increased despite the restrictions. He said that the present restrictions were arbitrary and not for the good of the country.

An Earnest Wish.

Rev. E. F. L. Gauss, Galena, Ill., writes: "For over ten years I had been a great sufferer from pains in the small of the back and region of the Kidneys, which was most excruciating and at times almost insufferable. Doctoring brought no relief, except perhaps momentarily, and I was finally advised, being unable to fulfill the duties of my calling, to go abroad and seek the climate of my youth. In Germany and Switzerland, eminent physicians, after close examinations, declared my sufferings to arise from disease of the Kidneys, of long standing, and could do me no good. I was, however, benefited by the climate, and consequently returned. No sooner had I been back and resumed my pastoral work, when the old trouble grew again so intense as to make life a burden. A few months ago I came in possession of one of Dey's Kidney Pads, put it on, and the effects were truly wonderful. The pains at once grew less and are now, after wearing the second Pad, entirely gone, and there can be no doubt that I am entirely cured, as I write this some weeks after its use and am strong and look again the very picture of health. I write this perfectly voluntarily, and it is dictated only by truth and gratitude. Indeed I consider the Dey Kidney Pad Co. God's agents and great benefactors of mankind. May all the suffering be helped as I have been, is my earnest wish."

TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

By Which a Number of Men Were Killed.

NEW YORK, July 14.—An accident occurred on the Long Island Railroad between Pearsville station and East Rockaway this morning. The gravel train going east with 35 Italian laborers on board, ran under a heavy wire rope by which a derrick near the track was suspended, sweeping the cars and knocking off the laborers. Many men were maimed in a shocking manner and many had their skulls fractured and others broken limbs. Three were fatally injured. The train from which they were swept were going 10 miles an hour. The derrick in question had been used for the purpose of digging a large well for the Long Beech Hotel, and men were making arrangements to take it down, but unfortunately the guy rope was lowered as the train was approaching, knocking the whistle of the engine and sweeping the cars. The unfortunate men were thrown violently to the ground and their screams of pain and terror were heard for half a mile. The accident occurred on a recently constructed branch of the Long Island road, which was built to reach a new hotel at Long Beach. Twenty-six laborers were seriously injured, and it is believed six fatally.

MEXICAN ELECTIONS

To be Thrown into Congress—Other News Notes.

The secondary elections, or voting of electors, of the whole republic, took place on the 10th. Authentic returns from certain States have changed the calculations that the results of the primary elections shewed General Gonzalles to be elected President. Some irregularities have occurred in some of the States. It is now believed that no election will result by the people, and that the election will be thrown into Congress. It is also believed that if Congress confirms the plurality of General Gonzalles, President Diss will enter the cabinet as Minister of War, and be chief of the army.

A telegram from Matamoras says the American government has asked permission for General Hatch to cross into Mexico in pursuit of Victoria and his Indians, but that the Mexican government objects.

The government bank has commenced the business of putting about $6,000 of its notes in circulation. The notes maintain their standing at par.

The Kickapoos near Santa Rosa are again committing depredations on the frontiers.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE.

President of the Columbus Bank Shot.

COLUMBUS, July 13.—At noon to-day S. S. Rickley, President of the Capital City Bank, was shot through the fire head while standing at his desk by Andrew Eichenberg, a German dyer. Eichenberg was on the street, and as soon as he shot Mr. Rickley he placed the revolver at his temple and shot himself, dying instantly. Mr. Rickley may probably recover, but the chances are against him. Rickley, last evening, was improved, and hopes are entertained that he will recover, although he will lose both of his eyes. The shooting was caused by Mr. Rickley's refusal to pay over to Eichenberg $850, which the latter claimed was due him on an old account of $1,700, which Eichenberg had deposited in Rickley's bank, and on which only 50 per cent. has been paid. Mr. Rickley failing in business.

A MANIAC MOTHER

ers Her Little Child.

KEOKUK, Ia., July 20.—A woman named Mary Ann Fry has, upon examination, been adjudged insane. She had an infant child with her, about four months old, a girl. The woman was placed in Jail, there to remain until Monday, when the intention was to take her to the Asylum at Mount Pleasant, and the child taken to the Poorhouse. Last evening about 1 o'clock the child was discovered dead, and the circumstances were such as to arouse suspicion that its death was from an unnatural cause. Accordingly an inquest was held, and on investigation it was found that the woman had murdered the child. The Jury found a verdict to the effect that the child came to its death by being hanged to a bed post by its insane mother. She admitted having hanged the child, and stated that it was sickly, and she thought that it would be better dead than alive. She is a German woman about 25 years old, and speaks but little English. But little is known of her past history.

—ALL the nourishment of malt liquors without their objections, found in Malt Bitters.

HIS JUST DESERTS.

How a Father Punished a Villain.

BELLAIRE O., July 20—On last Thursday evening a large party was held at the house of Mr. Ramsey, who lives near Jacobsburgh, this County. Mr. R had cause to go up stairs and while upon his way he discovered a man in the act of committing an assault upon his little five year old daughter. Seizing the devil's castaway by the throat he beat his head against the side of the house till the stairway was smeared with gore. Then catching his victim by the nape of the neck he pitched him from the top to the bottom of the stairs, where he lay in a pool of his own blood. The infuriated father, seeing life was still in the demon, snatched his rifle from the wall, and was about to end the sufferings of the poor wretch, when the crowd stopped him. After some parley, Mr. Ramsey was given permission to whip the naked body of the criminal. The instrument used was a hickory ramrod. Every blow was followed by streams of blood and agonizing cries for pity. At length the excitement and fury told upon the father and he allowed himself to be led away. The object of his fury is in a very critical condition. No arrests.

Double Sufferer.

If the thousands that now have their rest and comfort destroyed by complication of liver and kidney complaints would give nature's remedy, Kidney-Wort, a trial they would be speedily cured.

Artesian Wells.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—Congress last session authorized Commissioner Le Duc to sink two artesian wells at a cost of $10,000 apiece, in the area of country east of the Rocky Mountains. It also appropriated $5,000 to enable him to obtain data relative to the aridity of agricultural lands in the United States. He intends taking a trip to San Francisco shortly, to secure by observation and communication the information necessary to the election of the well sites and the preparations of the report on sterility.

Indiscretions and Excesses.

Lost vitality, impotency, failing power, seminal weakness, spermatorhoea, and all the evil consequences of self abuse are rapidly relieved and cured by Liebig Coca Beef Tonic. Circulars with opinions and endorsements by the most eminent physicians, such as Sir Robert Christison, M. D., LL. D., Physician to Her Majesty the Queen, Prof. Duncan Campbell, M. D., LL. D., President Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, and hundreds of equally eminent accompany each bottle. Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is sold by all druggists at $1 per bottle, or sent to any address on receipt of price by addressing P. O. Box 2777, New York City.

A Good Showing.

The Travelers' Insurance Co., of Hartford, has just made its thirty-third semi-annual statement, which shows the total assets to be $5,171,875.01, and the liabilities $5,042,629.40, leaving a surplus as regards policy holders, of $1,329,851.61. These figures show a gain of $253,400 in assets and a gain in surplus of $85,000, during the past fiscal year. The Company paid a six per cent. semi-annual dividend, besides many heavy losses.

FLUSHED cheeks, quickly changing to pallor is in children indicative of worms. Dewitt's Worm Syrup will remove the trouble and is pleasant to take. 25c a bottle.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

New Orleans has a population of 215,239.

There is no yellow fever in New Orleans.

Memphis, Tenn., has a population of 48,323.

The California wheat yield is likely to be very heavy.

The American Philological Association meets next year in Cleveland.

The French Senate and Chamber of Deputies were prorogued Thursday.

Horace Maynard left Constantinople on the 16th inst., homeward bound.

Gold in paying quantities has been found in Hamilton County, New York.

Gen. Hancock says his letter of acceptance will not be ready for a fortnight.

In Southern Europe olive oil is now largely adulterated with the oil of cotton seed.

The Ministry of Victoria, Australia, were defeated in the recent Provincial Election.

One hundred and forty Jesuits from Toulouse have settled at Caronand Murcia, in Spain.

Gen. Hartranft entered upon his duties as Collector of the port of Philadelphia Wednesday.

Italy imported, during the first six months of this year, 250,000 tons of cereals of all kinds.

The Iowa Democratic State Central Committee has decided to hold their State Convention Sept. 21.

The census enumerators of Dyer County, Tenn., found a girl 11 years of age who had given birth to a child.

The Prussian Government officially denies the report that a deficient harvest is apprehended in Germany.

A credit of 9 000 000 francs has been voted by the French Chamber of Deputies for the Sahara Railway.

It is believed that the new census will give Arkansas a population of 750,000. The population in 1870 was 484 871.

Ireland has been drenched with heavy rains during the past fortnight, and there is some apprehension of a deficient harvest.

Dennis Kearney has abandoned the Weaver campaign and has sought the seclusion that the country near San Francisco grants.

A special United States Custom Agent is at Montreal getting prices on printing paper, so as to determine the rate of duty to be charged.

The Montreal Woollen Mills, and Stacy's nail factory was burned Wednesday. Loss, $60,000. Insured. Two hundred operatives are idle.

Final official returns have made the population of Chicago 503,501. The population of Cook County will be from 665,000 to 610,000.

Capt. A. H. Pettigrew, who commanded Gen. Lee's body-guard during the late war, has been elected Chief of Police, of Lynchburg, Va.

The Queen, in reply to the memorial, has conferred upon the Canadian Academy of Arts the name and title of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.

A citizen of Louisville, bitten by a licensed dog, brings suit against the city for damages, which he lays at $10,000. The point involved is one of interest.

A class of 10 young women took the veil Thursday at the Convent of the Good Shepherd in Cincinnati, entering the order of Sisters of Charity.

Miss Emma Biggs, school teacher, living at Homer, Neb., suicided at that City Wednesday, by jumping from a ferry-boat into the Missouri River.

Another native war is imminent in South Africa, on account of the injustifiable disarmament of the Basutos through the influence of Sir Bartle Frere.

A deficit of $4 600 has been discovered in the books of County Clerk Farley and County Treasurer Donohue, at Joliet, Ill. They are Democratic office holders.

An outbreak of peasants has occurred in the Province of Goncnitz, in Russia. The revolt is a serious one, and a force of Cossack troops have been sent to quell it.

The Western Nail Association has decided to reaffirm the action of May 17, 1880, namely, fixing card rate at $3 25 per keg of 100 pounds, subject to usual discount.

Harvest prospects in the north of France are good; in the west and east not so favorable. Italian harvest is good. In Russia there will be a deficiency.

A summary of the national receipts and expenditures of Japan for a period of eight years has been issued, from which it appears that a surplus of $46,000,000 resulted.

There is a good deal of blight in the cotton of Yazoo County, Mississippi. One crop of 1 000 acres will cut off more than half. Blight is caused by excessive wet or dry weather.

The Secretary of State has issued a formal call for a meeting on the 10th of August in New York City of the Commissioners of the International Exhibition to be held in 1883.

The Postmaster General has decided that on and after Oct. 1, 1880, the postal card will be the only card transmitted through the mails, whether written or printed, at less than letter postage.

The revenue of France during the current year will exceed the budget estimate by at least 20 per cent. The Treasury will also be able to redeem 167 000 000 francs worth of treasury bonds.

Internal Revenue agent A. H. Brooks writes from Raleigh, July 13, "Revenue matters in this section are in much better shape than I ever found them before. It does not take long to find that out."

Reseberry will accept the under Secretaryship for India, made vacant by the resignation of the Marquis of Lands downe, if his temporary absence and indisposition are not regarded as an obstacle.

Negotiations are closed for a race between Courtney and Josh Ward. The course is to be on the Connecticut River, near Middletown, on Saturday, August 28, $500 a side, pay or play, distance five miles.

More than 1 300 French common law prisoners in home and Colonial prisons have been released under the amnesty decree. A large ship will be sent to bring home 314 amnestied communists from New Caledonia.

The Federal Council has rejected the proposition to reintroduce silver currency in Germany, and the Government will, it is reported, adopt means to expedite the melting up of what remains of old silver coin.

The Democratic National Executive Committee met Wednesday afternoon. Wm. H. Barnum was elected Chairman, F. O. Prince, Secretary, and Gen. Duncan S. Walker, of Washington, Assistant Secretary.

The shipments of live stock from Montreal to Great Britian during the month of June last aggregated 9 300 head of cattle and 8 200 sheep. More than double these numbers will be shipped during the present month.

Parnell and his 17 supporters still continue filibustering in the House of Commons, and are obstructing the Compensation bill and other business in a manner which Mr. Gladstone and the Pall Mall Gazette consider intolerable.

Peru and Bolivia are about to enter into a confederation and become one country, to be known as the United States of Peru and Bolivia. The preliminary basis of the union is already been drawn up and signed at Lima.

Casimiry Schentzler, a half crazy pauper in the poorhouse near Kenosha, Wis., assaulted Samuel Waller with a knife, inflicting fatal wounds. They are both over 70 years of age, and had various disputes. Waller had one eye entirely out of his washes in his body.

There were 800,000 tons of ice secured on the Kennebec River, in Maine, last Winter which at $2 50 per ton will produce $2,000,000. This is more ice by 100 000 tons than was ever secured on the river before, and the total crop of the State is estimated at 1,500 000 tons.

A tar and feathering affair occurred last week at Randolph Center, Broome County, N. Y., in which the offending man escaped by leaving most of his clothes in the hands of the perpetrators, and the woman in the case was neatly tarred and feathered. The neighbors had become shocked at the immoralities of the pair.

Hon. Lucien Barbour, a prominent attorney and ex member of Congress, died at Indianapolis Monday evening.

Mrs Edwin Calvin and son, of 17, living five miles from Oshkosh, Sac county, Wis., were killed by lightning Sunday.

The daughter of Mr. Randolph Rogers, the sculptor, has just been married, in Rome, to a young Italian, Signor Pio Santini.

Sen Hill's smelting works at Denver are reported to have disposed of nearly 2 000 000 tons of gold and silver ores during 1879.

There was a $300 000 blaze in New York Monday night, destroying a block of buildings owned by Herman Kohler, a wealthy brewer.

The population of North Carolina in 1870 was 1,071,361. The census of 1880 will show at least 1 300 000, with a prospect of the number being 250 000 more.

A Mrs. Frye, of Keokuk, insane and locked up with her baby in the jail at Fort Madison, Iowa, for safe keeping, killed the child by hanging it to the bed.

Seventy-two thousand barrels of oil were burned by the fire that started Thursday night at Custer City, and 30,060 barrels were burned at Bradford Pa.

While Joseph White, a farmer of Gaylord, Mich., was removing the curbing from a well it caved in, burying him 40 feet deep. His body has not been found yet.

The representation of the South in Congress will not be materially changed by the new census. Any changes that may be made will not take place until 1884.

Warren Smith, the oarsman, while out practising in his shell at Halifax, on Wednesday, was chased by a shark, and only escaped being upset by getting into shallow water.

California's wool crop this year (spring and fall) will probably be not less than 35,000,000 pounds. The total value of it promises to be nearly double that of any preceding wool crop.

The Archer glucose and starch factory, Chicago, burned to the ground Saturday night. Loss on building, machinery and stock estimated at $90,000 to $95,000; insurance, $40,000.

Last night the tug Albion, for Montreal, with a tow of booms came in collision with the steamer Margaret for Quebec. Albion was almost cut in two and sank. No one injured.

The total number of paupers in London exclusive of lunatics in asylums and 885 vagrants of the last day of the second week of June was 85,049, of whom 46 794 were in workhouses and 38 256 receiving outdoor relief.

Ex-President Jefferson Davis has just presented to the City of New Orleans in fulfillment of the request of the late Mrs. Dorsey, one of her pictures, representing Queen Anne of Austria, exhibiting the portrait of her son to the French people.

The fire in H. K. Thurber's great grocery store, New York last Saturday, was due to an accident which befell Margaret Thompson, who was bottling extract of lemmon, which is inflammable. A bottle of the extract broke in her hands and the fluid ignited at a gas jet. The loss is $25 000. In the building in which the fire occurred were stored goods worth $200 000, one half of which were wines and liquors.

Ten miles of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad was washed away between Pueblo and Colorado Springs, by Monday's storm, and every bridge, culvert and cattle guard for about 21 miles damaged. Bear Creek, a mountain stream emptying into the Platte River, was also flooded by the terrific storm, hailstones falling to a depth of from two to three feet. No lives lost.

Minister of War Pio Rosado, a native of Santiago de Cuba, aged 37, (his brother is now in New York;) Natalio Argentie, a native of Italy, and a friend of Garibaldi; Dr. Enrique Varona Torre of Puerto Principo; Ramon Guiterez a celebrated pilot and a native of Bayamo; Felix Monejon, of Matanzas, also a pilot; Domingo Mesa, a pilot, of Santiago de Cuba; Lieut. Manuel Cortes; aged 27 (has been for three years in revolution) a native of Santiago de Cuba, and several others, Cuban prisoners, have been assassinated by the Spaniards.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

For over 33 years Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment has been warranted to cure Croup, Colic, Spasms, Diarrhœa and Dysentary, taken internally; and Sore Throat, Pains in the Limbs, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pimples, Blotches and Swellings, externally; and not a bottle has been returned, many families stating they would not be without it, even if it was $10 a bottle. Sold by the druggists at 25 and 50 cents. Depot, No. 42 Murray street, New York.

TAKE Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood and purge out the humors, pimples, boils and sores which are merely emblems of the rottenness within.

Cuticura

MEDICINAL AND TOILET

PREPARATIONS!

CUTICURA REMEDIES are simply elegant to use. No grease, no oils, no repulsive odors. From infancy to old age they are equally successful, safe, and reliable. CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, arrests disease, eats away dead skin and tissue, allays inflammation, itching and irritation, soothes and heals. Skin Diseases and Scalp Affections with Loss of Hair. It reproduces and beautifies the hair. The RESOLVENT must be taken internally for chronic humors. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, prepared from CUTICURA, cleanses, soothes, and heals diseases of surfaces, whitens, freshens and beautifies the skin beyond all praise. It is an elegantly perfumed Toilet, Bath, and Nursery Soap. The CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP is the first and only medicinal soap prepared expressly for shaving, and is extravagantly praised by gentlemen.

SKIN HUMOR,

On Face, Head, and Parts of Body Head covered with Scabs and Sores.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER,—I commenced to use your CUTICURA REMEDIES for humor on face and head and some parts of my body were almost raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and my suffering was fearful. I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad one. I have now not a particle of Skin Humor about me, and my case is considered wonderful. It has been the means of selling a great many of your CUTICURA REMEDIES in this part of the country. Respectfully yours,

MRS. S. E. WHIPPLE.

DECATUR, MICH., Nov. 17, 1878.

MILK CRUST

On a Child's Head Cured.

Summer my sister, while visiting in Boston, bought a box of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP for her little boy's head, who had the milk crust for more than two years, and for which she had tried almost everything, and exhausted the skill of several physicians. The CUTICURA cured him, and he now has a healthy looking boy, with a beautiful head of hair.

Yours, MRS. B. L. BOWER.

145 CLINTON ST., CINCINNATI, O.

SCALD HEAD

For Nine Years Cured.

Messrs. WEEKS & POTTER, *Gentlemen*,—Since July last I have been using your CUTICURA for Scald Head, and it has cured me when all medicines that I have taken for nine years did me no good. I am now using it as a hair dressing, but my head is well. It keeps the hair in a very nice condition. Yours truly,

H. A. RAYMOND,

Auditor Fort Wayne Jackson & Saginaw R. R.

JACKSON, Mich., Dec. 20, 1878.

DANDRUFF

Scales one-quarter inch in thickness.

I have suffered from dandruff a great deal for the last twenty years. I have been troubled so bad as any one I ever saw with dandruff. My scalp was completely covered with scales, sometimes nearly a quarter of an inch in size. I considered it incurable. About two months since I purchased a box of your CUTICURA SOAP, and in about two weeks after commencing to use them I found the Dandruff entirely gone. My scalp is now as free from it, and as healthy as it is possible to be. I feel in my duty to both you and the public to state the above facts.

Yours respectfully, THOMAS LEE,

Sewing Machine Dealer.

No. 2276 FRANKFORD AVE., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CUTICURA REMEDIES,

For Blood, Skin and Scalp Humors,

Are prepared by WEEKS & POTTER, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington street, Boston. 21 Front street, Toronto, Ont., and 8 Snow Hill London, and are for sale by all Druggists. Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, containing two and one-half times the quantity of small, $1. RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25 cents per cake. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15 cents per cake; in bars for Barbers and Hairdressers.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS

Instantly Relieve Pain, Soreness and Weakness

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparilian Resolvent,

THE GREAT

BLOOD PURIFIER!

Changes as Seen and Felt, as they Daily Occur, After Using a Few Doses.

1. Good spirits, disappearance of weakness, languor, melancholy, increase and hardiness of flesh and muscles, etc.

2. Strength increases, appetite improves, relish for food, no more sour eructations of waterbrash, good digestion, calm and undisturbed sleep, awaken fresh and vigorous.

3. Disappearance of spots, blotches, pimples; the skin looks clear and healthy; the urine changed from its turbid and cloudy appearance to a clear cherry or amber color; water passes freely from the bladder through the urethra without pain or scalding; little or no sediment; no pain or weakness.

4. Marked diminution of quantity and frequency of involuntary weakening discharges (if afflicted in that way), with certainty of permanent cure. Increased strength exhibited in the secreting glands and functional harmony restored to the several organs.

5. Yellow tinge on the white of the eyes, and the swarthy, saffron appearance of the skin changed to a clear, lively and healthy color.

6. Those suffering from weak or ulcerated lungs or tubercles will realize great benefit in expectorating freely the tough phlegm or mucus from the lungs, air cells, bronchi or windpipe, throat or head; diminishing the frequency of cough; general increase of strength throughout the system; stoppage of night sweats and pains and feelings of weakness around the ankles, legs, shoulders, etc.; cessation of colds and chills, sense of suffocation, had breathing and paroxysm of cough on lying down or arising in the morning. All these distressing symptoms gradually and surely disappear.

7. As day after day the SARSAPARILLIAN is taken new signs of returning health will appear; as the blood improves in purity and strength disease will diminish, and all foreign and impure deposits, nodes, tumors, cancers, hard lumps, etc., be resolved away, and the unsound made sound and healthy; ulcers, fever sores, chronic skin diseases gradually disappear.

8. In cases where the system has been salivated and Mercury, Quicksilver, and Corrosive Sublimate have accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will resolve away these deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

9. If those who are taking these medicines for the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Syphilitic diseases, however slow may be the cure, "feel better" and find their general health improving, their flesh and weight increasing, sleeping well, the cure is on, it is a sure sign that the cure is progressing. In these diseases the patient either gets better or worse—the virus of the disease is active, if not increasing, and driven from the blood it will spread and continue to undermine the constitution. As soon as the SARSAPARILLIAN makes the patient "feel better" every hour you will grow better and increase in health, strength and flesh.

The great power of this remedy is in diseases that threaten death, as in

CONSUMPTION

of the Lungs and Tuberculous Phthisis, Scrofula Syphiloid Diseases, Wasting, Degeneration, and Ulceration of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Inflammations, relief afforded where catheters have been used, thus doing away with the painful operation of using these instruments, dissolving Stone in the Bladder, and in all cases of

Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys.

In chronic cases of Leucorrhœa and Uterine Diseases.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much.

ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S Ready Relief

CURES AND PREVENTS

DYSENTERY, DIARRHAE, CHOLERA MORBUS, FEVER AND AGUE, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Bowel Complaints,

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in 15 or 20 minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS, CHILBLAINS AND FROST BITES.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will at once ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in a half tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Sprains, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radways Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER and AGUE

FEVER AND AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

RADWAY'S Regulating Pills!

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE for CALOMEL

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of Diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read 'False and True.'

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren, Cor. Church St., New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. Radway's old established R. R. R. Remedies than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are false Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

DRY GOODS.

Since our last report a better tone has been imparted to both the general and local dry goods trade, and in most classes of seasonable goods buyers have been more disposed to purchase. Takings by individual dealers for the retail trade have not been large, but the aggregate has reached satisfactory proportions. Prices have, to a great extent, been readjusted for the fall trade by agents. From the extreme figures ruling in March there have been frequent reductions during the past 60 days, but many wholesale jobbers yet hold off for a slight additional shading of prices. The mill agent seem determined to make no farther concessions, but private advices indicate that commission men are suspicious of each other. Eastern markets are full of merchants, and it is pretty certain that conflicting views will be so far reconciled this week as to give assurance of an immediate brisk trade.

GROCERIES.

The American Grocer of latest date commeats upon the Tea, Coffee and Sugar market as follows: Finest old Japan teas, crop 1879, are selling at rather higher figures, while the same can be said of new Japans that are here and ready for immediate delivery. We attribute this advance to the fact that the very low prices that fine to finest Japan teas have reached have induced consumers to buy them more freely. We hear that some Japan teas per Suez Canal steamer have been sold to arrive, and as the freight per Suez Canal is so exceedingly low the importers have been enabled to make a fair profit.

Green teas are firmly held above the views of buyers. Green teas bought in China last fall entail so heavy a loss that those having them will not accept it, especially as the money market is so very easy, first-class paper single names selling as low as 4@5 per cent.; double names 8@9 cent., and as it costs so little to carry they have not the courage to sell, but prefer putting off the evil day.

The market for raw sugars has been very quiet, and the few sales made were upon the basis of 7 11-16@7 13-16c for fair to good refining Cuba. Taken all together, it has been a dull week, yet prices seem well sustained.

Refined are in steady demand, but there is an absence of activity and prices are in buyers' favor. Refiners are free sellers and are anxious to sell ahead of production, as their margin on the present rates is very remunerative, which from present indications will continue for some time to come. The market closes quiet but steady.

In Brazil the Coffee trade continues quiet, with prices barely steady. The sales and withdrawals from stock foot up 31,825 bags. The deliveries for the week were light, being from this port 21 668 bags, and from Baltimore 10,238 bags. There is a stock in first hands of 166,373 bags, with a total visible supply of 458,559 bags. The consumption of all kinds of coffee for the first half of 1880 is 5,000 tons below the same time in 1879. The Monday Rio telegram reports purchases for the United States to the extent of 27,000 bags, and a stock in Rio de Janeiro of 110 000 bags. In other sorts of coffee there is a good trade and prices are well sustained.

LUMBER.

Trade continues very fair for July, though prices are not satisfactory, and there is little or no anxiety to push stock. Lake freights continue firm. The Chicago market has advanced somewhat and this gives a better tone to the general market.

The Tittabawassee Boom Company, Saginaw, Mich., has rafted out 25,000 000 feet of logs thus far this season.

The shipments of lumber from Lock Haven, Pa., from January 1 to June 28, aggregated 11,337,000 feet, an increase of 737,600 feet over the same period of 1879.

The Cutler & Savidge Lumber Company, Spring Lake, Mich., is putting 53,000 feet of logs into the Flat River daily.

A committee has been appointed by the lumber manufacturers along the Chippewa River, Wisconsin for the purpose of letting contracts to parties to put the logs which are on the banks of the river into the water. Many of the logs will have to be left where they are till next winter, on account of the difficulty of moving them.

HARDWARE, ETC.

There is no change to note in the condition of trade, as it remains quiet, as is customary at this season. Many changes in price of shelf hardware are made by manufacturers, which do not turn out as radical, however, as most dealers anticipated. There is a reduction in price of nails, while other heavy goods remain firm, especially Tin Plate and Pig Tin, which are quoted higher.

The following is compiled by the Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association:

We are enabled to obtain from the late monthly report of the United States Bureau of Statistics our total imports of iron and steel from all countries during the period embraced between July 1, 1879, when the effects of the "boom" was just beginning to be noticed